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NOTES OF THE WEEK

PARLIAMENT met on Tuesday for what cannot but be a momentous session. Before it ends we shall either be well on the way to a busy and diffused prosperity or every hope of a sustained improvement in trade will have been frustrated once more by the disorder in the coal industry. The King's Speech reminds (or warns) both owners and miners that "the interests of the nation are paramount." The phrase is trite, but in this case it carries with it a meaning and a policy. Coal is clearly going to dominate the session, and the House will inevitably reflect the restlessness and anxiety with which the Report of the Commission is beginning to be awaited. Fears and hopes at present are about evenly balanced, but Mr. Lloyd George's forecast that the subsidy could not be swept away all at once has a strong array of probabilities on its side. If there is to be war it will come quickly; but peace and the transformation of the industry on new lines will be slow work, and the Treasury will undoubtedly be called on to bridge the interim period of readjustment.

SOME HOPEFUL SCHEMES

It is partly the latent grip of the coal problem that has stripped the debate on the Address of

such little reality as it could hope to possess. Partly, too, it is the general contentment of the country with the Ministry and its programme. The King's Speech had no surprises, and, quite apart from coal, it is clear that with the Economy Bill and the Electricity Bill and the Agricultural Credits Bill the time of Parliament will be fully occupied. One announcement we especially welcome is that authority will be sought, and will assuredly be granted, to guarantee loans to the extent of at least £10,000,000 for the development of our East African possessions. These territories are to-day in the hands of a young and singularly able set of Governors, who have just been in conference together and who are determined to make an end of the jealousies of the pre-war days. Tanganyika was always looked upon as Germany's India, and in co-operation with the neighbouring States it has before it a future even brighter than Kenya's.

A MISTAKE

It is matter for the greatest regret that the Factory Bill is not to be proceeded with at once. It has not, however, been dropped. Both the Home Secretary and Lord Salisbury were emphatic on that point, and there is a strong enough feeling among the rank and file of the party to see that their pledges are not forgotten. The only valid

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excuse for postponing the Bill is that there is a chance, at the forthcoming conference which the British Government has summoned, of reaching a fixed international agreement as to the hours of labour. There is substance in the argument that in these circumstances it would be better to wait. But we have much less sympathy with the Home Secretary's plea that this is not the time to impose fresh burdens on industry. In a general way he is right; but the sort of burdens contemplated by the Factory Bill might better be described as duties—and duties that the owners and managers of works have neglected far too much in the past. The wisest employer is the one who makes the amplest provision for the health and comfort of those in his service.

PUTTING OFF DISARMAMENT

The postponement of the meeting of the League of Nations Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference can only be described as a shady business. The first suggestion of a postponement was made by a French correspondent writing in an English newspaper, and although the British Government has always desired the Preparatory Commission to meet on the date originally arranged, this suggestion was promptly declared by the whole of the French Press to be a *ballon d'essai* released by the Foreign Office. When Sir Austen Chamberlain saw M. Briand in Paris he once more insisted that he hoped the Preparatory Commission would meet on February 15, and M. Briand assured him that the French Government had never desired a postponement. Despite M. Briand's assurance, the French Government has combined with the majority of the other members of the Council to demand the postponement for a period not exceeding three months. This manœuvre will certainly have shaken Sir Austen Chamberlain's confidence in the sincerity of France and it will not help to convince the United States that Europe seriously wishes to reduce its armaments.

INSINCERE EXCUSES

In itself the postponement of the meeting is not nearly so important as many people appear to believe, since it was only to be the first of many sessions which the Preparatory Commission would have to hold before it could hope to succeed in drawing up the agenda of an International Disarmament Conference. But it is very serious as an indication of French methods and mentality. The reasons given for the postponement are not, we believe, the true ones. Obviously it is desirable to have Russia represented on the Preparatory Commission, although the absence of her delegates from this first session would hardly justify a postponement, even were it certain that the negotiations now proceeding between Russia and Switzerland over the Vorovsky murder would result in agreement within three months. The contention that the meeting should not take place until Germany is a full-fledged member of the League has no justification, and the American proposal to separate the discussion of military and naval armaments could be dealt with just as well in the Commission as outside it.

THE "LOCARNO SPIRIT"

The real reason is that the Locarno spirit is almost dead. M. Briand himself has doubtless excellent intentions and probably merits the boundless admiration which Sir Austen Chamberlain has for him. But as Foreign Minister he was much stronger than he is now as Prime Minister, and he dare not oppose that body of French opinion which holds that Germany should take no share in disarmament discussions until the ex-Allied Military Commission reports that she has carried out all the military provisions of the Versailles Treaty, or, in other words, until she has been admitted to membership of the League. The cynicism or *naïveté* of the French Press is amazing. Germany has certainly not enough armaments to make a reduction of other armies dangerous, and the *Temps* and other papers can hardly have forgotten that the Versailles Treaty demanded German disarmament "in order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations." We shall be delighted, but surprised, if this first postponement is not one of many efforts the French will make to delay the reduction of armaments.

FRANCE'S DEBT—

The friendliness that resulted from Locarno will also not be increased by the latest assertions about the French debt to Great Britain. M. Klotz—who bears perhaps a greater responsibility for the present financial chaos in France than any other man, since, when he was Finance Minister, he deliberately encouraged the belief that Germany was going to fill every Frenchman's pockets with gold—has now discovered that France owes nothing at all to Great Britain because the amount of the French debt includes the amount of profit made on French purchases and these war profits have to a great extent been yielded to the British Government in the form of taxation. M. Klotz's arguments are almost childish and will not, we imagine, be taken very seriously by M. Doumer if he comes here shortly to discuss the funding of the French debt. But it is fairly clear that, after the Italian settlement, M. Doumer will demand much more favourable terms than those M. Caillaux obtained from Mr. Churchill, although even those terms erred on the side of generosity.

—AND ITALY'S

We shall thus not only have to shoulder nearly all the Italian debt, but we shall have to pay the United States several millions a year on behalf of France. As we pointed out last week, nothing is to be gained by blaming Italy and France because they will not treat us with the same excessive generosity as we have shown towards America. But in the case of Italy there is a strong suspicion of political motives behind the settlement, which, to quote Sir Austen Chamberlain's message of congratulation to Count Volpi, will "in the field of politics facilitate that intimate co-operation between the two countries which I have at heart." Foreign papers declare that the basis of this settlement was agreed upon during the Chamberlain-Mussolini conversations at Rapallo, and they insist on connecting it with our mutual difficulties with Turkey. Such suggestions are, we firmly believe, unfounded, but it is more important now than ever before that the

British Government should avoid anything which savours of the old alliances and secret understandings.

IMPERIAL ITALY

We have recently been assured in the correspondence columns of this paper that Fascismo was entirely pacific in its relations with other countries. This assurance did not seem to tally with the references in the Fascist paper, the *Impero*, to the "blind and bestial policy" of France, and we are still more puzzled by the demonstrations against Germany because German papers have ventured to criticize the Italian regime in Southern Tyrol. Recent decrees will lead to the suppression of every paper in the German language and will compel thousands of Tyrolese to adopt Italian surnames; and the fact that most of the Southern Tyrol is now a military strategic zone will enable the Fascisti to expel everyone who objects to their policy of enforced assimilation. We fear that protests in the foreign Press are not likely to assist the Tyrolese, but that such protests should lead to demonstrations against German Consulates all over Italy augurs ill for the pacific development of Fascismo.

THE GOVERNMENT AND AGRICULTURE

A White Paper on Agricultural Policy was presented to Parliament on Tuesday. It shows that at last the Government have measures in mind for our premier industry that are sound and restorative. They are against Protection, against subsidies, against nationalization, against bureaucratic control of cultivation. They are for credit schemes, more small holdings, ownership by labourers, extended forestry and drainage works, co-operative marketing, road and transport improvement, the development of the sugar beet industry, and aiding research in its fight against disease. All of these planks in the platform are sound, work in with the traditions of British agriculture, and in combination will restore the confidence needed to set it on its feet again. Compare them with Mr. Lloyd George's recipe of a revolutionary upheaval as the first stage in rural reform, and you get the difference between quackery and statesmanship.

THE FOOD COUNCIL

The Food Council are doing good work in finding out the facts about trade frauds and in rousing feeling against them. Both the Merchandise Marks Act and the Sale of Food and Drugs Act are full of administrative loopholes. The first has been largely inoperative because it is left in effect for private individuals to set its machinery working. The second has failed because the inspectors who carry out the sampling duties become too well known to the traders in their district. The Boards of Trade and of Agriculture seem to possess no detective service, no statutory power of preparing a case and collecting evidence, and are almost impotent unless some outside agency has gathered together the information on which they can go into court. Short weight, the subject of the Food Council's latest report, like misrepresentation and adulteration, is another of the frauds against which effective war has still to be waged.

SHORT MEASURE

There is only too much reason to believe that the startling estimate of the fraudulent gains of milk roundsmen is near the truth. These distributors are said to make, by giving short measure, as much as 30s. a week over and above their legitimate earnings, and in certain instances even more. If this be disputed, an inquiry into the prices at which milk businesses change hands, and the relation of such prices to the proper profits, should throw some light on the question how far unlawful profits are generally reckoned upon. The hopeless carelessness of the average consumer about weights and measures, however, must always leave some room for dishonesty. In the last resort, the public must learn to defend itself by checking goods delivered to it. At present not one household in ten attempts this systematically.

THE INDORE CASE

It is unfortunate that there should have been so long a delay, and latterly so much leakage of information, in regard to the case of the Maharajah of Indore. Earlier action, with more secrecy about the Government of India's intentions, would have prevented the growth of feeling reported to exist among some of the Indian Princes. Rightly handled, those Princes could have been made to feel that it is very much to their interest to have the allegations against one of their order established or disproved. But beyond all this is the question whether the procedure now with some difficulty adopted can be applied when British India has attained to the self-government towards which the country is by official hypothesis heading. If it cannot, how will matters of this delicacy be dealt with then? It is a question which demands very serious consideration. The Native States, which form so large a portion of India, cannot be ignored and their relations with the Indianized Government of the future left to chance. Bluntly, will they tolerate from a Swarajist Government what, it seems, many of them accept only under protest from the paramount British *Raj*? If not, what is to be the position?

EPICS OF THE ATLANTIC

The popular imagination has been deeply affected by the most gallant and eventually successful efforts of American sailors to succour a British vessel in disaster. The very prompt official recognition of the extraordinary skill, pertinacity, and courage shown by the American rescuers does but express the feelings of admiration and gratitude felt by the British people at large. Courage and resource never lack appreciation here; and though there is no similar motive of gratitude for applauding the Spanish aviators who last week flew across the Atlantic, they, too, are receiving a sincere tribute from public opinion. The Atlantic has thus yielded two epic stories—one of humane effort prolonged to success in the face of terrible difficulties, the other of adventurous flight from Spain to the Spanish world in America. If the Press does not always help the growth of international friendships, the manner in which here it has dealt with these two exploits will do more to stimulate goodwill than formal diplomatic efforts can effect.

THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE COUNTRY

THE useful formality of the King's Speech seems this Session a little less useful and a little more formal than usual. That is because the legislative projects it broaches and the debates upon them are conditioned by the possibility that in a few weeks' time an engulfing national crisis may have arisen not in politics but in industry. It is a corner that has to be rounded before this country can see anything like a clear road ahead. Whatever the House may be talking about it will be thinking coal. The present Government is emphatically one that means business, and the programme it has outlined carries the stamp of pertinence and practicality. But there is an unreality about it and about Parliament and about all things political until we know what the smoking volcano of the coal trade is to bring forth. "The interests of the nation are paramount," says the Speech from the Throne in an appeal to all parties to remember the dire issues that are at stake. The quietude and sobriety with which the new Session has opened are likely to deepen as the moment approaches for determining whether those paramount national interests are menaced and if so how they can be protected.

But for this overhanging cloud we should say that the nation was well satisfied with its rulers and with the general prospect. Mr. Baldwin and his Government have had their ups and downs in popular favour since they came into office. A few months ago, in the party and out of it, the signs of impatience were almost as numerous as the signs of confidence and approval. It looked for a while as though Mr. Baldwin's second effort in the Premiership might prove as ineffective as his first. But that danger is past. The Government met Parliament on Tuesday in stout heart, with a united party and the goodwill of the nation behind it, and under a leader whose personality has become one of its most solid assets. Within the last fortnight Mr. Baldwin has delivered four three-column speeches, one of them in the House, the others from public platforms. They help considerably to give the measure of a man whom Bagehot would certainly and gratefully have hailed as a typical English statesman. It gives a relish to one's centenary thoughts of that publicist of the piercing elucidations to imagine with what irony and with how great and real an esteem he would have played round Mr. Baldwin.

Almost any other party leader on the eve of a new Parliamentary Session would have flavoured his addresses with a strong political seasoning. He would have exalted the achievements of his own side and have stormed or gibed at his opponents. Not so Mr. Baldwin. A man tuned to the national point of view and wholly convinced that it finds its truest expression in the Conservative Party, it rarely seems to him worth while to score a point or two in the mock tourney of the Ins and the Outs. Nor is he much more inclined to the political arts of self-advertisement. Even when he details the record of the Government he does so reluctantly and half-apologetically, as one asking indulgence rather than claiming credit. "I have been speaking elsewhere," he told his Sunderland audience, "on

a subject I never like to dilate upon, and that is the excellence of our performances in the past." He wants the country to know what has been done that it may not accuse his Government of slackness or incompetence, and from time to time he runs over the list of its accomplishments, but quite impersonally and without pretending that the record might not have been better. The thing that really engages him is all that still remains to do.

This quiet way of taking and tackling things is making, we believe, a very favourable impression on the country. Our people are no bad judges of character, and now that Mr. Baldwin is showing his true form they are rallying to him in no uncertain fashion. They feel him to be a man of straightforward sincerity, of broad human sympathies, free from all bias of wealth or rank or party, and whole-hearted in his pleas for that unity throughout all classes which can alone uphold the national good against sectional selfishness. He has courage—witness his round rebuke to the building monopoly that is seeking to hold up the Weir houses and his further simple declaration that "these houses are going to be built." He has, too, the business man's desire to make an end of the muddle and waste that still encumber too many of our Governmental services and undertakings. And always beyond all other issues, the "condition of the people" question, and the ambition to help in solving it, preoccupy a mind and temperament that look kindly on the under-dog and have a quick sense of social justice.

This is a combination of attributes that the country is finding very much to its liking. It trusts Mr. Baldwin. It knows by instinct that make-believe and clap-trap are foreign to his nature. After the chicanery and the straddling of the Coalition and the cant of the Labour Government, he seems to stand for something sane and wholesome and fundamental in our national life. He has several colleagues who are far more brilliant than himself, but none of them commands, as he does, the confidence of the second mind of the nation. Character still tells in our politics, and the most sparkling speaker and the most dexterous player upon mass emotions and the cleverest poser find themselves passed over for the man of few parts or originality or gifts of speech, if only he possesses the priceless quality of ringing true. It is the major part of Mr. Baldwin's strength with the country that he gives the impression of saying what he means and of meaning what he says, and that even the normal distortions and pretences and posturings of politics are weapons that he cannot bring himself to use. We would not for a moment have it otherwise, least of all now that experience has reinforced the general cleanliness of his strategy and tactics by a mature sense of what is feasible. The Baldwin of the Protectionist adventure was a very different person from the balanced Prime Minister of to-day. Sagacious, earnest, of deep feelings and even mind, he has proved himself not only a captain who can make his team work together and get results from them, but a man with a message to the whole nation of the utmost social import. People who are apt to smile at his appeals for peace and co-operation may later on find cause to be thankful that the affairs of the country are in hands as firm as his.

THE FUTURE OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE

If it were not for his friends one could find it in one's heart to be sorry for Mr. Lloyd George these days. By nature a realist Radical he finds something in every party both to attract and repel him, but every party finds in him more to repel than attract. He hates the whiggery that is still strong in Liberal leadership (it was an old saying among Liberals that the Radicals of their party won the elections in order that the Whigs might take the offices), but he likes the Nonconformist connexions and the party tradition of hostility to landlords. Labour as a creed offends his common-sense, but in turn fascinates him as a potent but still unformed and malleable political force. Conservatism he likes for its freedom from dogma, hates for its political scholarship, its discipline, and its innate distrust of shortcuts to the new Jerusalem. But Mr. Lloyd George, though he is by no means alone in finding no party that fits him exactly, is unique even among politicians in having no loyalty either to party or to persons, except where his rare affections are engaged, and for that reason however sad his own plight, that of his friends is commonly much sadder. For while many have succumbed to his genius, few have breath to keep up with a Protean personality which changes coat colour and shape several times a month. His return to the Liberal Party, so far from uniting it, has multiplied its divisions and heightened the paradox that while the country has never been so liberal-minded (in the broad sense) as now, the fortunes of Liberals have never been so low. While Mr. Lloyd George does not exclude from his calculations the chances, faint as they are, of future coalition with Conservatives, he has friends within the Labour Party and strong hopes of some day becoming, if not its titular leader, at any rate, its master. He has split the Liberal Party into fragments. He would have broken the Conservative Party if Mr. Baldwin had not added magnanimity and broad-mindedness to his other Conservative virtues. There seems to be only one other party left on which his corrosive genius can exercise its power.

Conservatives are wrong in being indifferent to the fate of the Liberal Party and still more in working for a state of parties in which a Socialist Government is the only alternative to Conservative Government. The swing of the electoral pendulum is the one certainty in politics and it is to the interest of the country that the oscillations should be as gentle as possible. To that end a middle party (by whatever name it is called) may make very valuable contribution. Mr. Lloyd George is the one man who might galvanize the Liberal Party into life, but it seems fairly certain now that whatever work he is to do in the remainder of his life he will not be allowed to do that. Yet to all seeming his political life is likely to be long. He is more keenly interested in politics than ever. Someone reproached him recently with not having tired of politics. "Ah," was his reply, "but you are only fifty; I am in the sixties," and there is much political philosophy in the reply. Mr. Lloyd George has genius; his

physical vigour is unimpaired; he has no intellectual interests to compete with his lifelong preoccupation with politics; he is young enough to be capable of much good and much mischief, old enough to be impatient. The future of this great indeterminate factor in politics must necessarily be a subject of keen interest to Conservatives. No man in our politics has fallen so low from so high, but with men of his type a great fall is not the conclusion of the matter but a warning for the future. No man has made more mistakes. Had he retired after the war he might have been one of our Elder Statesmen. Had he shown at the end of the war the same sort of magnanimity that Mr. Baldwin has shown to Coalition Conservatives who remained loyal to Mr. Lloyd George he might now have been acknowledged leader of the Liberal Party. He might still have been leader if he had in the February before Genoa resigned and joined the Liberals when the first symptoms of revolt appeared among the Conservatives. Contrary to the general opinion he is a bad tactician and lacks courage. Whole departments of human nature are to him a sealed book. He is fickle and volatile not so much from a vice of disposition as from sheer lack of education, and all his life he has suffered from the fact that apart from politics he has never learned anything properly, never had an intellectual discipline, and never acquired respect for the virtues of patience and scholarship in affairs which are the mark of the good Conservative. But in spite of all these truths and others equally unflattering, he will never while he lives be extinguished as a force in politics. One cannot imagine him fading away gradually as Lord Oxford has done, for apart from politics he has no personality, nothing into which he could fade.

What, then, is to be his future? He has few friends in his own party, and one of the most loyal of them has just left him pursued by a most unworthy gibe. No one knows better than Mr. Lloyd George that despite his genius he is a cause of weakness in his present party, and that whether or not Liberalism can revive without him it can certainly not revive with him. The best thing that could happen is that he should do to the Labour Party what he has already done to the Liberal Party and would have done to the Conservative had the Coalition lasted a couple of years longer. The expression of such a hope is doubtless not a recommendation to his new clients, and his recent cautious overtures to Labour have not been received with much enthusiasm. But though Labour knows that his adhesion or even his alliance would infallibly mean the disruption of the party, it may well be that some of its members might welcome it for that very reason. For the Labour Party is a coalition of groups between which there is far less sympathy than there is between some Conservatives and many Liberals and even some Conservatives and Fabian Socialists of the Sidney Webb type. No party composed as the Labour Party is of irreconcilables can ever make a clear and distinctive mark on our politics; a Labour Government even with an independent majority would still be a combination of Liberal and Conservative working-men, Communists and Marxian Socialists, and could never pull steadily in one direction. It seems unlikely that any considerable section of the present Labour vote will ever again consent to vote Liberal or Conser-

vative, but it might vote either way if a Liberal or Conservative became master of the party. The extremists would welcome such an event as an excuse for their leaving it and founding a party of their own with a definite and logical independent creed. The moderates might welcome it as a breach with their extremists without the necessity of their changing their name. The country at large might welcome it as a release from the present prevailing insincerity which identifies the cause of labour with that of the Labour Party. Such a change would be a political miracle, and there is only one man in the country who has the remotest chance of accomplishing it. If he can do it, he will not only complete his record as a party explosive, but in doing so he will do a great service to the reality of our politics which he could never do in the Liberal Party.

M. BRIAND AT THE CROSS ROADS

[FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT]

THE four or five days devoted to the general discussion of the Finance Bill have shown no technical progress of any sort, but the political situation which was clear enough, even beforehand, to the trained eye is now transparent. The main fact is that, in spite of the Socialists' refusal to render them any substantial assistance, the Radicals are not only willing to accept the Socialists' financial plan, but insist on forcing it on the Government. Read the *Quotidien* or *l'Œuvre* for a week and you will have no doubt that the fight is between the Cartel on the one hand, and the unwilling M. Briand on the other.

The suggestions of the Socialists, as propounded by M. Vincent Auriol and championed by the whole Cartel are the following :

(1) Every French citizen shall be compelled to take out an identity card based on the statement of his financial situation and on the discharge of his financial duties;

(2) he will only obtain this by swearing to the truth of his declaration;

(3) all bearers' bonds will have to be endorsed by the bearer so as not to escape indexing any longer;

(4) the State, which up to now only collected death duties on all estates, shall henceforth be regarded as a co-heir in their liquidation.

There is no doubt about the tendency of this plan : it would be the end of the secrecy of the individual's financial situation which the Frenchman will always be anxious to preserve, and as for the introduction of the new co-heir, it recalls Little Red Riding Hood's long-toothed granny. Against this, M. Doumer's plain increase of existing taxes appears Philistinish but reassuring. Many people say that it is between these two plans that France or the French Chambers have to choose. But this way of summing up the situation immediately falsifies it; we should say : it is between these two plans that M. Aristide Briand, and none other, has to choose. People who use different formulæ cannot have read the Radical papers.

The Cartel superbly says : "We are the majority, we showed it after May, 1924, when we discharged M. Millerand as summarily as if he had been the office boy; M. Briand has to obey our will, or he will be treated in the same manner." "No," dispassionate observers reply, "you are no longer the majority. You were all-powerful during the seven months of M. Herriot's premiership when the Socialists had not publicly seceded from you, and when the forty-five deputies in M. Loucheur's group were still with you, but, with those divisions, you are no longer in a position to enforce your will; so you are

reduced to hectoring and bluffing. This is not all; your plan may be sufficient, like M. Doumer's, to balance the Budget and even possibly fund the foreign debts of France, but it has one formidable fault: it is bound—as your talk of a Capital Levy used to—to alarm the country, impair confidence and be injurious to credit. This means once more the evasion of capital, and the consequent fall of the franc, accompanied by a rise in the cost of living." M. Bokanowski, in his remarkable speech of January 30, has demonstrated that the rise of the £, from 68 francs, when the Cartel stepped in, up to 128 francs to-day, has constantly followed the appearance of Socialist or semi-Socialist taxation, and on the contrary has consistently been retarded, by conservative measures, even of such a character as the massive increase of taxation under M. Poincaré. What is the good of balancing the Budget if, within a few months, the cost of living compels State servants to strike, or threaten to strike, for higher salaries—that is to say, for higher taxes again? Credit and confidence are what we need and they cannot exist in France if the Cartel, i.e., Socialism, i.e., more or less covert confiscation, loom near.

M. Briand knows that this reasoning is true: otherwise he would have chosen another Minister of Finance than M. Doumer. But the question is: Will he act up to his belief? It is hard for French premiers, it must be admitted, to govern without the Radicals, as all of them, without exception, have in the past forty years been recruited from the Radical Party, but apparently it is harder for them to adjust the management of the French finance to their political tenets. M. Briand is now in the usual dilemma. What will he do? It is not in his nature to adopt resolute courses: he will look for a compromise. The compromise may be found in a transformation of the tax on payments into a tax on production which would save the face of the Cartel and not be too disagreeable to M. Doumer. At the same time M. Briand tries to please the Radicals by condemning the critical analysis of the Locarno agreements in course of publication in the *Echo de Paris*. Will this be enough for the Radicals? Will it not be too much for the Moderates on whom M. Briand seems to count implicitly, but who begin to show signs of realizing that theirs is the casting vote? The next few days will answer these questions.

OUR WOODS AND FORESTS

By L. F. EASTERBROOK

SINCE it has become customary in England to regard forestry as a hobby rather than as part of the great industry of agriculture, it may seem a little far-fetched to refer to our neglect of this craft as creating one of the greatest menaces that the near future holds. Without wishing to exaggerate its importance, a few facts may be useful in order to put the situation in its proper proportion. The world's consumption of timber has already outstripped its income of timber, and for some years we have been living on the capital of timber represented by the world's virgin forests. Every year these are decreasing, and every year the available timber supplies are becoming less accessible and more expensive. At the same time the general quality is deteriorating. The demand is increasing. Great Britain grows less than 10% of her timber demands, and before the war imported timber absorbed nearly one-eighth of the total shipping that entered British ports. England has 5.1% of her land under timber (much of which is commercially useless) as against 8.2% in Denmark (where land must be poor indeed before it is spared for afforestation), 18.2% in Belgium, 18.4% in France, and 23.8% in Germany.

In 1914 some 3,000,000 acres of woodland existed in Britain, but owing to the heavy fellings during the war the total to-day is rather less, in spite of the excellent work of the Forestry Commission. The Royal Commission on afforestation estimated that altogether 7,500,000 acres were available for planting in Britain, so that although we could never be independent of outside timber supplies we might grow at least an additional 20-25% of our needs if the afforestable area were fully exploited and the yield of timber increased generally by more scientific forestry. This is not an optimistic estimate when it is realized that Germany has trebled her timber production by her improvements in sylvicultural methods.

The South Wales collieries require pit-wood at the rate of 100,000 tons per month, equivalent to the felling of 1,500 acres of trees every four weeks, which would need 600,000 acres of forest to produce a regular supply on a thirty year rotation. Professor Storey has estimated that there are 500,000 unplanted acres in Wales well suited to tree growing.

In terms of labour, employment for one man per 100 acres of forest would not be a high estimate. In their report on the Tintern Woods, the Forestry Commission take this as the figure for employment, although their scheme is not yet in full working order. When it is they consider these woods will offer full-time employment in forestry, transport and sawing at the rate of one man per forty or fifty acres. In addition there would be the rural crafts that naturally arise in conjunction with forestry, and more men still could be carried by the land if it were not whole-time work but forestry worked in with small-holdings, as under the Forest Workers' Holdings scheme. National afforestation, therefore, has a close and important bearing upon the agricultural and rural problems, the housing problem, coal-mining, unemployment, and our heavy bill for imports.

It seems fairly obvious from some of these facts that our bill for imported timber must almost certainly increase, that in the event, however unlikely, of another war, timber would be an even more vulnerable gap in our armour than it was in the last, and that we are prodigally neglecting our opportunities. Our climate is not in the least unsuitable for timber growing; Scotland grows some of the finest timber in the world, and Wales provides afforestation conditions that cannot be bettered. The present unfortunate state of affairs seems to have arisen partly because of our systematic neglect of rural questions, partly from the past attitude of landowners towards forestry. Pleading that it cannot pay under existing circumstances, they have regarded it as a hobby, or at best as a patriotic amusement, and so have kept on woods and plantations until the trees were on the point of becoming rotten, arguing that as they must lose by the cost of replanting it is folly to fell before they must. They have worked out abstruse sums in compound interest, reckoned from generations back, to prove their point.

But a new generation is rising which, as Mr. Leslie S. Wood, President of the Royal English Arboricultural Society, wrote in *The Times* recently:

takes a very different view. Instead of taking the old and unremunerative woods as proof of the unprofitableness of forestry, it thinks in terms of the young, fast-growing plantations which it sees springing up. Many of these plantations consist of the modern conifers, the Douglas fir, Sitka spruce, Japanese larch, Corsican pine . . . there will be a profitable market for these long before the rate of growth drops below the normal rate of interest.

Two problems arise, however, not easy of solution. Trees, from a commercial point of view, can only be regarded as a crop, just as wheat, barley or oats. But instead of maturing annually thirty years is usually the shortest period in which they can be put upon the market. During this time the planter is out of his money; in addition, one landowner may be a keen forester and his successor may have no interest in it,

so that the woods fall into neglect and are thrown back a generation, with the result that his successor in turn may not care to face the expense of putting them in order again. Or the estate may be sold or broken up, whereupon the new owner often finds forestry on a small scale beyond his means or capabilities.

Nationalization of woods naturally springs to the mind, and there is more to be said for the nationalization of this industry, with its long rotations and periods of unremunerativeness, than for any other. Certainly a modified form of nationalization seems inevitable, and already we have it in the Forestry Commission which has now bought or leased nearly a quarter of a million acres. But the Commission also makes advances to landowners who are willing to plant or replant, at the rate of £2 per acre for soft woods and £4 per acre for hard woods. It would only seem just, therefore, that if an owner wasted public money through bad management or lack of interest in his woods, the administration of them should be taken over by the forestry Commission on terms fair to both sides, and this procedure might well be deemed expedient in every case of neglected private woodlands, whether a grant has been accepted or not, provided that the unit of forest is large enough for the Commission to work economically. Four hundred acres, I believe, is considered the minimum for this. It might be argued that this would amount to nationalization; but at least the private owner would have the opportunity of managing his woods himself; nor is there any reason why he should be deprived of the other amenities associated with the possession of woods, always provided that they do not clash with the interests of sylviculture. There are occasions when the interests of the individual must be put second to those of the nation.

The other problem is that of the timber speculator, who has been very active of late. These gentlemen buy the standing timber in a wood (often the land as well), cut and sell what is saleable, then leave the remainder derelict, the ground encumbered with tops and rubbish to such an extent that no one would care to face the expense of cleaning up after them and replanting. After their attentions the land is indeed a pitiable sight, and it is difficult to know what remedy to suggest. It is doubtful if any legislation enforcing replanting would be passed, and in any case it is pure waste to replant unless the crop is to receive proper attention throughout its growth, and so far no one, to my knowledge, has suggested a really satisfactory way out of the difficulty. If I may venture where wiser men have held back, a possible solution might be to enforce on the man cutting the timber the necessity of leaving the ground reasonably unencumbered with rotting tops, and with surface conditions at least fit for replanting. Then, if no one else would replant, for the Forestry Commission to step in, take over the land and carry on their work of afforestation.

This would still leave unsolved the question of those woodlands too small in area for the Commission to undertake profitably, but it looks as if they would have to be left to look after themselves. With the new attitude towards commercial forestry, some private owners would undertake them, while with others suitable land for afforestation might be found adjacent to them which could be leased or purchased to make a unit of economic size and so help in reducing the large area of potential timber-bearing land which we are now neglecting at the cost of our pockets and to the detriment of rural labour.

There is no other industry in which one has to look so far ahead as in forestry, and it is necessary to make plans to-day for conditions twenty or thirty years hence. So far as human judgment can correctly estimate, these conditions will be a world shortage of accessible timber, resulting in a high price and probably inferior quality. Unless we plant and replant every suitable acre as soon as we can, England will be the chief sufferer among the nations.

REWARDS AND FAIR-WAYS

BY IVOR BROWN

IT had to be. The Championship golf courses of to-morrow will be surrounded by a zinc fence punctuated by turnstiles. Barbed wire and broken bottles will adorn the summit of this barricade and, while the patient queues line up at the pay-gates, our adventurous youth will tear its hands and trousers by endeavouring to go over the top. Others, more ingenious, will stoop to conquer, burrowing under the palisade in the intervals of dodging authority. At the end of it the spectator will be able to see the top of Slogger's swing on one tee of the eighteen. And he will be very happy. There seems to be no discomfort which the modern Englishman will not endure in order that he may pay for a spectacle and then not see it.

Golf is getting well into the swing of modern athleticism. A selection committee has been chosen in order to select a nucleus of twenty from whom finally to select eight English amateur golfers to meet America in the Walker Cup at St. Andrews next June. These amateurs, says an informative newspaper, are to practise and train systematically together. We are getting ahead of the play—I had almost written work. Why not write work, and write it gladly? That is, if you really care twopence about that Walker Cup; for it is as near certain as may be that the way to win a game is to work at it. You may pass a sentimental sigh, if you will, over the old and happy days when a man scuttled off from the office and picked up a championship or made a record between lunch and tea on Saturdays. Farewell to such trifling. If he wants now to be one of a chosen eight he must practise and train systematically. Before long every golfer will take out a masseur as well as a caddy and undergo treatment before every drive. Part of the new national electricity scheme will surely put a "vibro" installation at each tee-box. The links are in chains. Like Rousseau's natural man, they were born free, but they have come to the same end.

Man's purpose nearly always outpaces his institutions. Our civic and parliamentary procedure lags about a couple of centuries behind our needs. And so with sport. We still go on pretending that there is one class of person called amateur and another called professional, and that between them is a great gulf fixed. Yet the gulf is bridged almost daily as a cricketer or golfer or footballer slips from one side to the other. The social distinction is thus admittedly nonsense. Two county captains, playing first-class cricket last summer, began their careers as professionals, and at least two prominent professionals began their careers as amateurs. The Australian cricketers always come over here with amateur status, but it is common knowledge that they have their reward. At all events, we know that to be an Australian amateur cricketer is to be amatory in no other way. Like soldiers and sailors on duty bound, they must leave their wives behind them. Celibacy of the cricketer has not been imposed as a life sentence—it is merely a temporary ordinance. No doubt the great measure will follow, and the new priesthood of the popping-crease will be forbidden a spouse till they have abandoned the sport.

Why do we keep up this out-moded pretence of a double status in games? If we intend to take a serious part in these international contests—Test matches, Davis Cups, Walker Cups, and all the rest of them—we must have specialists to do it. The specialist is, in essence, a professional. He may, by an accident of birth, combine a good eye with a full purse and so be able to give his whole time to an occupation for which he refuses to draw money. Or he may by one device or another derive an income from the fringes of the game instead of from its central fact; that is to say, he may be a golfing journalist or cricket club secretary, or give his name to a brand of tennis racket. But is a man of means who gives his whole life to golf less professional in spirit than a poor man who lives by the game? Indeed, the so-called amateur has greater chances of proficiency because he has not to waste his time selling clubs and teaching the unteachable at three-and-sixpence a time.

The need of the specialist is particularly obvious in the case of tennis. We are not going to hold our own or recover lost prestige at Wimbledon unless all our promising youngsters of both sexes give up their lives to the business and become spiritually professional. They must play all through the winter and play in the best company. This means, if we retain the amateur-professional distinction, that they must be people of complete leisure and considerable income. There are only two logical attitudes to take up about this: you may say let Wimbledon and Walker Cups go hang; or you may welcome the specialist and extend his number by paying him or her for being what they really are—whole-time workers in an industry.

Meanwhile, a foolish and snobbish effort is made to pretend that amateurs are still amateurs and must guard their status from the infection of professionalism. The thing has long been a farce in cricket, and is becoming a farce in tennis. In golf the farce is less obvious because a man can really play a first-rate game on a normal allowance of week-ends and holidays. But the whole trend of modern athleticism is going against the weekend golfer: systematic training and practice are the thin end of a professional wedge. Therefore, instead of accepting the old humbug about social distinctions and the taint of money, the nation must decide whether it wants to have plenty of international champions or whether it wants to retain the old idea of a game as a game and to declare pot-hunting to be no business for a gentleman.

Personally, I can see no possible disgrace about playing games for money. To hit a ball so skilfully that your fellows will pay to see you do it is an occupation at least as admirable as buying something cheap and selling it dear. There is no outdoor game which does not contribute to the beauty of life as well as to its mere excitements. I subscribe to the Ibsenite doctrine that a man should do what he can do well instead of fumbling with what he cannot because it sounds respectable. Better a good paid golfer than an incompetent, unhappy clerk. I know all the old arguments about professionals playing for themselves and not for the team. Sometimes they hold and sometimes they do not. When people are slanging the professional spirit they should remember that without paid athleticism we might never have seen Vardon on the links or Hobbs at the wicket. Does anybody seriously believe that the world would be a

better place if Vardon and Hobbs had driven pens and bargains behind a counter all their lives? Of course not. And that admission makes senseless the lingering effort to divide the athletic world into completely separate camps of gentlemen and players. That world abounds more and more in border-line cases, which means hard verdicts, fierce heart-burnings, and a general waste of time and temper. If the matter is to be cleared up the nations must act together. They can, in the long run, act only in one way. They can decide that the athletic specialist is really a professional, whether he actually takes money for his job or not; that he is none the worse a man for that; and that one "pro." is just as good as another—if he plays as well.

METRE—I

By D. S. MACCOLL

WHEN we repeat the first line of Tennyson's 'In the Valley of Cauteretz':
All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
once we have caught the trick of the verse, nothing
will induce us to attack the strong accent on
"stream" till an interval of silence has elapsed
between "valley" and "stream." If anyone
doubts the existence of the interval he may con-
vince himself by inserting two short syllables and
read:

All along the | valley, little | stream that flashest white.
And this is exactly what the poet has done in the
following line:

Deepening thy | voice with the | deepening of the night,
where the long "voice" takes the place of the
two shorts in "valley." It is true that if we like
to throw overboard sense and context we can
force "stream," by a horrible distortion, into
proximity with "valley." But what happens?
The accent refuses to budge and now falls
absurdly upon "that," which must be prolonged
to fill the place of "stream that," thus:

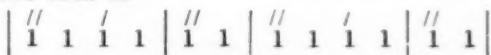
All along the | valley stream | that flashest | white
"Stream" has lost its strong accent, and has
now only the secondary accent due to its place
in a four-beat measure.

Now this little fact, our obstinate recognition of the silent interval, has big implications. It means that, having marked the previous strong accents on "all" and "valley," we know exactly when the next is due, and the next and the next again; we can tap their places on a table as certainly as when a bell is striking the hour. The spaces in between may be filled with what syllables and silences we please. The places of the accents are fixed; the intervals between them are regular, they are measured. This regularity, of which we are aware across all the variations in the grouping of syllables and silences, is *metre*, which means measure.

It follows that a prosody which does not account for this regularity with which we can foretell the coming "accent" or "stress" is no prosody at all. That little measured silence is fatal not merely to all systems based on syllables alone, but to the "Stress Rhythms" of the Poet Laureate* and

his followers, a system which counts accents without measuring the intervals between them. Accents by themselves are nothing; they cannot set up a rhythm unless they are definitely related in time. The stresses on words, apart from metre, have significance, that of logical emphasis: they do not become metrical stresses till they are timed.

If we are agreed that the intervals are in some sense regular, what is the nature of that regularity? Is it the most obvious one, equality, or something else? Professor Sonnenschein,† the latest adventurer on the vexed field of English prosody, and one equipped by unusual width of reading, thinks that in "refined" verse, as opposed to popular, the intervals are not equal but proportionate. Unfortunately, he does not give us a single example of those proportions; indeed, he could not very well establish them, because he has no unit of measurement: the "longs" and "shorts" of his system are only relatively long and short; they have no precise relation. Now, to compare two quantities one with another we must have a fixed common unit: the inches which measure a foot against a yard must be equal to one another. The possibility, however, of proportionate intervals is not one to rule out hastily. Theoretically we might have a metre such as



based on the proportion $a : b :: c : d$ —in this case $4 : 2 :: 4 : 2$, and formed by suppressing the silent interval in the 'Cauteretz' metre. But to indicate this to the reader a special notation would be required, and a metronomic check to maintain it. Otherwise, as I think Professor Sonnenschein will find if he attempts to compose verse in this, the simplest of possible proportions, the first measure will coalesce with the second into a compound measure, or break up into two simple measures, in either case re-establishing equality. A proportionate system may exist as between lines of verse—for example, when four measures alternate with three—or in the internal structure of the measure—as, for example, in a series of trochees (2:1)—but our recognition of these proportions depends upon the equality of the "measures," the intervals which constitute the metre.

Another type of proportion ($a : b :: b : c :: c : d$) may exist as a disturbance, for emotional effect, of the regular intervals. When these are progressively clipped or dragged by an *accelerando* or *ritardando*, and that process itself is regular, the intervals are actually reduced or expanded in a proportion. But, once more, this device depends for its recognition and effectiveness on our knowledge that it is a disturbance, that the changing *tempo* wilfully defeats our expectation of time equality; because we know when the accent is due, we know also that it has been hurried or retarded.

I perhaps spend too much time on this point, for I doubt whether Professor Sonnenschein uses "proportion" in any sense that a mathematician would accept, involving at least three terms; "ratio," probably, would express his meaning better—but out of ratios without a pattern it is impossible to construct a metre. Before leaving

* I am speaking, of course, of his theory, not of his subtle instinctive practice. Theory does affect his "quantitative" verse.

† 'What is Rhythm?' An Essay by E. A. Sonnenschein. Oxford (Blackwell).

the subject, however, I will quote his general definition of rhythm :

Rhythm is that property of a sequence of events in time which produces on the mind of the observer the impression of proportion between the durations of the several events or groups of events of which the sequence is composed.

Now, since the property which produces the impression of "proportion" can only be proportion, and the supposed "events in time" are "durations," the definition may be reduced to the statement :

Rhythm is proportion apprehended in a sequence of durations.

But when we apply that statement to the business in hand, the stream of sound in a line of verse, we see that the amplifications were inserted to cover the omission of a fundamental in audible rhythm—namely, the means by which we determine the beginning and end of those "durations." Proportion implies measurement; measure must be from point to point, and if we cast aside the illusions connected with printed words and syllables, and *listen*, the only audible points from and to which measurement is possible are the accents in the line. To measure by ear from and to points between is impracticable. Without the accents we should only have a stream of incommensurable sounds and no metre. The real "events in time" are the recurring accents; the "durations" are the intervals between them.

Professor Sonnenschein's definition, then, omits one essential of metre—namely, accent—just as the Poet Laureate's "Stress Rhythm" omits the other—namely, measure.‡ We should expect him, therefore, to adopt the system on which Dr. Bridges writes "quantitative" verse—measures undetermined by accents. Of this system it is enough to say that it requires us in the "hexameter".

Magnificent Sirius his dark and invisible bride
to accept | ble bride | as a spondee. Even if we force ourselves to make "ble" a long equal to "bride," the accent on "bride" would make this, not a spondee |'— —|, but a resolved anapaest | — '—|. This is not Professor Sonnenschein's treatment of "feet," but to them and his arguments against "isochronism" I must return.

(To be continued.)

OPEN HOUSE

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

THERE was a man having dinner near me who looked just like someone I used to know, and I puzzled and puzzled until suddenly I remembered. Uncle George! I knew that it could not actually be Uncle George, who must be quite elderly now or may, indeed, be dead; but this man looked like the Uncle George I remembered from long ago, and the sight of him started all manner of queer things from the thicket of memory. He was not my own uncle, you must understand, but the uncle of my old schoolfellow Harold Thorlaw, and the greatest man in the Thorlaw circle. He did not live in our own little provincial town—and now I come to think of it, I never knew where he did live—but at irregular intervals he used to descend upon us, perhaps

‡ Prof. Sonnenschein is influenced by the old argument from the non-swell organ. But we ourselves supply the stresses to this music, just as we do to the undifferentiated tick-tick of a clock.

during his travels, for I remember that his business took him about a good deal. In our provincial circle he was a grand cosmopolitan figure. To his nephew and me, then in our teens, and indeed to all the Thorlaws, Uncle George was the great world. London, Paris, and New York spoke to us through him. He it was who told us about music-halls and head waiters and card-sharers and those lordly expresses, those ten-somethings that do it without a stop, that are the very soul of rich cosmopolitan life. You always knew when he had arrived at the Thorlaws', for you felt his presence even in the hall, and were not surprised when Harold, or his sister, or his mother, came out to you and whispered, "Uncle George's here!" There he was, oracular in the large armchair near the piano, perhaps having his little joke, asking the girls a riddle, suggesting a song (he liked a light cosmopolitan sort of music, and would occasionally produce a copy of something that was going well at the Gaiety), or telling us a queer thing that had happened at his London hotel, amiably keeping up a pretence of being one of us but clearly as far removed from us—and he knew that we knew—as Haroun al Raschid himself.

But it was with the Thorlaws themselves, rather than with Uncle George, that my memory began to play. They were the kind of people we seem to run across only in early life, though it may be that they only blossom in provincial towns and wither and change in the air of London. The shortest way of describing them is to say that they were hospitality, real warm hospitality, incarnate: they kept open house. They were worlds away from the kind of lavish entertainers you encounter in London, the lion-hunting ladies and the vulgar rich whose houses have really been turned into railway hotels. They loved nothing so much as being surrounded by relatives and friends, and the friends of their relatives, and the relatives of their friends. It was not that they had plenty of money, for they were anything but rich, and Mrs. Thorlaw's worn little housekeeping purse must have been drained of its last sixpence many a time to provide such hospitality as they proffered. They never sat you down solemnly to dinner, and could not have done even if they had wanted to, for there always seemed to be three times as many people there as the tiny dining-room could possibly have held. No, their great meals were tea, in which the oddest of odd cups and saucers came floating out on a tide of hot water, and a sketchy and peripatetic kind of late supper, when there was always an enormous bustle and you were so occupied getting out of people's way and handing things around that you never noticed whether you were actually having anything to eat.

Yet there shone through that house so bright a spirit of generous hospitality that it seemed to snow meat and drink there and you took part in a perpetual feast. What may have been in cold fact a cup of lukewarm tea and half a sandwich seemed a solid hour's happy guzzling. A small glass of cheap port in that house was worth whole bottles of vintage wine anywhere else. So strong was the atmosphere of festivity that material facts, actual cakes and ale, were of little or no account. You called there—" popped in " was the phrase for it—on an ordinary Saturday or Sunday evening and, if you had not known what to expect, you would have supposed that it was Christmas

Eve or Old Year's Night, or that a birthday or a wedding was being celebrated. There would be two or three people in the hall, a few others having a snack in the dining-room, probably a group of ladies chattering in the best bedroom, and the drawing-room would be full. I have never known any other room like that drawing-room, for it was certainly not very large and yet there seemed to be no limit to the number of visitors it would hold. To say that it would be "full" does not mean that it would not hold any more people (it always did), but merely that it looked full—indeed, fuller than any room you had ever seen before. You would see a swarm of faces on three different levels, for some people would be standing up, others seated on chairs, and the rest would be on the floor. My friend Harold, whose idea of pleasure in music was limited to the notion of taking something very fast and loud and trying to play it faster and louder than anyone else had ever played it, would be pounding away at the piano; and everyone there would be very noisy, very hot and flushed, very happy.

The Thorlaws could create this atmosphere wherever they went. I remember now that they took a tiny cottage on the edge of the moors during the summer months of one year, and that I called there after a long walk on either a fine Saturday or Sunday afternoon. I could hear them shouting and laughing long before I got to the door. The tiny cottage was simply bursting with people, who were eating and drinking and passing plates and filling teapots and putting kettles on the fire and being sent for water or returning with more milk. Everyone would be explaining to everyone else how it happened that he or she had "popped in," and at the sight of each newcomer a tremendous shout would go up. (I have a vague idea, though my memory may be the dupe of my innate poetical desire to have everything perfect, that Uncle George was there.) The Thorlaws, I believe, could have filled a plague-stricken hovel on a blasted heath with such a laughing crowd of visitors. It was not merely that they had a passion for gathering people round them—for many have that whose houses are visited once and then forever shunned—but they radiated such a spirit of friendliness and good cheer that instantly they put all their visitors at their ease, made it impossible to be stiff, supercilious, or shy, and transformed every chance gathering into a kind of hilarious family reunion. With them, if you were asked to sing a song, you immediately stood up and sang it without any more ado. I myself have sung comic songs there by the hour, without shame, and may be remembered to this day by all manner of people in remote places as a budding Henry Lytton, as "Harold's friend, you know, who used to sing the comic songs." I was always being buttonholed in odd places by people who had seen me there, people whose very faces I had forgotten, let alone their names, who asked me if I had any more comic songs and were obviously prepared to roar with laughter at every remark I made.

I would give something to be able to call there again to-night, now that they have all returned so vividly to my remembrance. To see Mr. Thorlaw, a humorous and pugnacious little man with blazing blue eyes, moving round with the doubtful port, chaffing the girls and bullying their young men. To see his wife, one of those little thin, dark

women who seem to be made of wire and catgut, smiling, tireless, who would go flicking in and out of the throng like a radiant shuttle. And all those flushed, noisy, and happy people I would meet there, most of whose names I never knew, whose names and faces, one and all, I have now forgotten. Foolish, funny little people, nothing like the beautiful, the clever, the distinguished persons whose acquaintance I can boast to-day, but dimly consecrated in my memory by a happiness that something seems to have withered away, shining there in a queer kind of Golden Age, strangely compounded of provincial nobodies and cheap port and chaff and comic songs. And I wonder if that house, like the hospitality that gave it so much light and warmth, has gone the way of so many things and is now given over to loneliness, to darkness and dust. Here, at least, for an hour in my memory, the lights have been turned up, the fires poked into a blaze, and the doors opened wide again, the place itself a guest in the open house of remembrance.

"WOG"

BY T. EARLE WELBY

THE poets are fortunate. They can express the most intimate of their experiences, and yet keep their secrets. We others, who work in prose, how can we avoid making ourselves a motley to the view? It does not lessen our embarrassment if the love we would express is not for a human being: to write of one's love for a dog is, almost inevitably, to get oneself relegated to the category of foolish sentimentalists. Yet what kind of love can it be that will not take the risks incidental to expression? "Say it with flowers," the florist's sign exhorts us. "Say it with bones," to the dog; and I endeavour to do so; but there remain things hardly to be said in that medium. True, I might talk to him, as I do, and leave it at that. But if you are accustomed to being in print, you seem hardly to have said a thing till it is in print. Besides, since he cannot understand more than my general intention when I speak to him, I am almost bound to address what I would say of him to people who can, and a few of whom, initiates, perhaps will.

His name is "Wog," though, like the dog in the classic advertisement, he "answers, reluctantly, to 'd—n you, come here.'" He is a wire-haired terrier, old-style. He is two-and-a-half years old, with a genius for remaining a puppy. Abandoning no game of his infancy, he has given up only one habit, that of putting himself in the corner when scolded. As a puppy, at the first word of reprimand, he would retreat to the nearest corner, push his face against the angle of the walls, and remain there, only now and then turning a ludicrously woe-begone visage over his shoulder, till some word of forgiveness was spoken to him. So comic was the exaggeration of sorrow in his expression that, I fear, we sometimes delayed pardon a few moments for the amusement of the spectacle. Alas, there is a lamentable truth in that masterpiece of the Marquis de Sade: "'O monsieur, il est donc possible qu'on puisse prendre du plaisir à voir souffrir?' 'Tu le vois,' lui répondait cet homme immoral." I am glad he outgrew that penitential trick at six months. All other usages of his extreme youth he has retained, and notably a certain method of dealing with temporary superfluous bones. These, since it is his fate and mine to live on a very high level, without access to a private garden or yard, he can cover with none but imaginary dust. But he has imagination.

The bone being deposited in the centre of the carpet, he circles round it, without haste, without rest, his nose shovelling on to it the dust that, as Walter Pater said of a possibly more important desideratum, is either not there at all or not there in any satisfying measure. After some five minutes the bone is, by convention, hidden. Both the high contracting parties observe the convention strictly : he takes no notice of the hypothetically concealed bone, glare it never so whitely, and I walk over it as though it were under a great mound of dust. Once only has the convention been violated, by a charwoman, now I trust condemned to the task of cleaning the kennel of Cerberus while those three mouths nibble at the redundancies of her figure. The right of denouncing the convention during which neither "Wog" nor I have official cognizance of the very obvious bone is vested exclusively in him, and he expands or contracts the period of observance at his absolute discretion. Sometimes he will find the bone, with every symptom of surprise, in twenty minutes; at other times he will let it rest quietly under the drums and trampings of three days' carpet-sweeping. There is, thank heaven, no charwoman now, only an aged and dog-worthy man of all work, who is very mindful of Shakespeare's curse on the moving of bones.

It is part of the charm of my dog that he has a gracious manner towards any servant, and was polite even to Kate, of accursed memory, who once thought to feed him on curry I had rejected as being a fortuitous assembly of outraged condiments. He is, indeed, a good deal more demonstrative towards the people who come and go, and to chance-met people in the street, than towards me. You and I, he conveys to me, are beyond all that outward fuss. He will embrace me vehemently after any considerable absence, and he will sit in my chair by the hour, his chin on the lower right edge of my manuscript, while I work; but his formal waggings he usually keeps for others. See him in the tube. He is convinced that I own every railway carriage in which he and I travel. Each passenger is taken for a guest of mine, and, so far as the length of his lead will allow, he ushers each to a seat, with the canine equivalent of smiles and bows. And children especially. Once no less than twelve little girls, some school party, got into our carriage, and he snapped his lead, and was in the lap of each in succession. But he has regard for age. He will not lick the face of any child that is appreciably older than he is. On the other hand, in Kensington Gardens he will clamber up the side of any perambulator, after a diplomatic waggle at the nurse, to put his tongue across the face of the inmate. It is probably his worst disappointment that once, one Sunday morning, he encountered what was undoubtedly built as a perambulator, but had been perverted into a local news-girl's vehicle for the delivery of the Sunday papers.

A sentimental dog, you say. May I invite you to keep the ring when he next meets a bull-terrier? Once bitten, twice shy, is a proverb without meaning for him. He has fought a neighbouring, unneighbourly bull-terrier three times, and so detests the whole tribe that he will fly at any member of it. Airedales he walks round stiffly, provoking no fight, but expecting one; with Alsatians, despite my own unreasonable mistrust, due to memories of wolves I knew in northern India, he is very friendly; and he will run the whole breadth of Kensington Gardens to greet an old, bachelor Great Dane, whose austere objection to romping he broke down long ago. I may whistle till I am weary; if that Great Dane is in view, he is off to it. And there is one other objective from which it is difficult to keep him : the Peter Pan statue, which he does not like, which he is invariably anxious to criticize in a manner for which in the history of art criticism there can be few precedents.

You will have gathered that, with every other virtue, he lacks that of obedience. But who am I that

he should obey me? Certainly not his superior; very probably, in most respects, his inferior. In the thing that matters most to us, we are on precisely the same level. For as we sit by this fire, he and I, and muse why it should be warming two of us instead of three, we are equally at a loss. He can but thrust a vainly consoling muzzle into my hand; I can but stroke his inconsolable face.

MUSIC

THE GRAMOPHONE AGAIN

BY DYNELEY HUSSEY

AN examination of the records issued by the two leading English companies during the past two months suggests that recording has reached a critical stage in its development. It has improved, in some respects, out of recognition; but there is a real danger of its toppling over on the other side. My impression is that the Gramophone Company, who have all along been pioneers, are revelling in their new discovery of how to get the maximum amount of sound from their records and that they have an insufficient regard for its quality. Their orchestral records make as much noise as the original orchestra—at least that is the effect in an ordinary room. The result is often far from pleasant and sometimes becomes merely a confused roar. It is an open secret that these records are now made on the principle of wireless transmission. The sound is picked up by a microphone and relayed over electric cables to the recording machine. The result sounds like it. The tone is hard and metallic. While this has been of advantage to the reproduction of the brass and the wood-wind and to the general definition of the various parts, it has been disastrous to the string-tone.

Take the 'Leonora' Overture (No. 3) by Beethoven, which has just been issued, and listen to the triplet figure for violins echoing the flute at the twentieth bar. It sounds far more like a trumpet playing softly than *staccato* bowing. A little later, when this figure is transferred to the lower strings, we get a "chuffy" sound which is quite unlike anything I have ever heard from an orchestra. It is the same with all these records. The strings are either so like a wood-wind *ensemble* as to be indistinguishable from it, or they sound harsh and unnatural. Comparisons between rival companies are odious, but, to make my point clear, I would ask the reader to listen in turn to the orchestral introduction to Beethoven's C minor Concerto, which has been recorded by Columbia. Here we have a far smaller volume of sound, but, in spite of certain faults, a more faithful reproduction of the balance and characteristics of the orchestral groups. But Columbia shall not go scot free. For, unless I am mistaken, they have fallen to the wiles of the "wireless" method. Nothing else, I imagine, can account for the frightful harshness (again with immensely increased power) of the records of Frank Bridge's 'Three Idylls,' played by the London String Quartet. Why a company which has produced so much good chamber-music should risk its reputation with this barbarity it is difficult to conceive. I beg them, in my best Lancashire, to give over.

What they can do with the older methods is exemplified by the records of Brahms's A minor Quartet, played by the Léner Quartet. This is a worthy addition to the chamber-music library. The playing is on the level we have come to expect from this organization, while the reproduction is extraordinarily faithful, even to the slight over-predominance of the first violin—a fault noticeable at their concert appearances. Schubert's 'Forellen' Quintet is less successful. It

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is played by three members of the London String Quartet with Miss Ethel Hobday (pianoforte) and Mr. Claud Hobday (double-bass). The balance, especially in the first movement, is not good and the double-bass is insufficiently audible throughout. The slow movement goes best on the whole. This failure is probably due to the difficulty of getting the pianoforte into right proportion with the strings, a difficulty which is often not overcome in the concert-room. But, apart from this, the performance is rather dull, and I could not help remembering the lovely phrasing of the theme of the Variations by the Léner Quartet last year, when I listened to this stolid playing.

But the pianoforte is the main difficulty, and this brings me to the records of that instrument. The Columbia Company are apparently very pleased with their records of Chopin's B minor Sonata (Opus 58), played by Mr. Percy Grainger. I must confess that with all the will in the world I could not endure to play through the six records. The noisy jangling of the overtures is too much for me. In some respects the recording of the instrument has been greatly improved and the soft *cantabile* passages come out well enough. However, I should not be at all sorry if it were quite impossible to record the pianoforte altogether; one hears enough of that much abused instrument without having its vogue increased by the gramophone. Beethoven's Concerto, played by Mr. William Murdoch, is a good deal better, perhaps because the instrument is supported, and extremely well supported, by the orchestra under Sir Hamilton Hartley. But in the *cadenza* we get the familiar flat tone. I am not at one with the distinguished critic who has just pronounced that *cadenzas* should be abolished. They serve a very distinct purpose in classical concertos. Think of the loss that would be entailed if the marvellous contrast between the virtuosity of the soloist and the return to simple, straightforward melody in, say, the violin concertos of Beethoven and Brahms were abolished. But this is to digress. Among other pianoforte records Mr. Samuel's playing of some pieces by Bach, issued by H.M.V., is worth hearing. Here the flatness of the actual tone matters less, for the parts come out clearly and the overtones are not conspicuous.

Vocal records are varied in kind and quality. You may hear the late Enrico Caruso bawl out two trivial Italian songs, or you may be ravished (at a much lower price) by the beautiful voice of Mr. Paul Robeson, who sings the Negro Convict Song and a Spiritual (H.M.V.). This is one of the finest bass voices, for pure quality of tone, I have ever heard. It is moreover extraordinarily flexible. Mme. Elena Gerhardt adds two songs by Wolf and two by Brahms to the catalogue of the same company. Of these Brahms's 'Immer leiser wird mein schlummer' is the most satisfactory. But all are good, if one can bring to aid the memory of the singer's vivid personality. As interpretations they have all her impeccable artistry, but they do not show up the undoubted faults of her vocalization. To turn to lighter things, I would commend to those who are not too stiff-necked or high-browed, a record made by "The Revellers" for H.M.V. You may disapprove of the human voice being assimilated to the saxophone, but you can hardly withhold admiration for the amazing precision of the singing. Besides, these two pieces have the saving grace of being amusing. I add a brief list of other records which are worth buying :

H.M.V.—Sonata in A major by Piatti, played by Madame Suggia.

H.M.V.—Beethoven's Romance in F, played by M. Thibaud.

H.M.V.—Two songs of Arnold Bax, sung by Miss Thursfield. Columbia.—Two choruses from 'The Messiah,' sung by the Sheffield Choir.

Polydor.—Haydn's 'Farewell' Symphony.

Polydor.—Strauss's 'Morgen,' sung by Mme. Lotte Lehmann.

Polydor.—Variations by Beethoven on 'Là ci darem la mano,' for flute, oboe and bassoon.

ART

THE ENGLISH GENIUS

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

IF ever there was an Englishman who was a greater lover of his trees and fields and hedge-rows than any of his fellows, that man, I think, must have been old John Crome. What a richness of tone he would pour into the representation of a corner of his dear Norfolk.

For five days this week the Independent Gallery, the stronghold of modern art, has filled its bare walls with one picture, Crome's 'The Willow Tree,' and we have done homage to this returned masterpiece, that was likely to have been exiled in America for ever. Surely no picture is more baffling in its appeal. Why, we worry to know, should this very able representational painting be so much more intense, so much grander a thing than a thousand like it? What is there about this rendering of two trees, a glimpse of distant country, the elbow of a stream and a rustic bridge spanning it, that it should make us gasp with pleasure? Is it the glimpse of sunlight falling sharply on the fence, and on the sandy bank; is it the sunlight filtering through the pale green willow leaves? Is it the warm shade below the drooping branch, where a man might lie a whole day hidden in his thoughts? Is it the path that cuts over the bank and drops out of sight, to some cottage we know or by some fields where we made hay when we were boys, though we had never been in Norfolk? Is it the passage of yellow clouds across the delicate blue of a sky that will never burn you, and never buffet you more than you should be buffeted? It is all this, and more. That willow: it may be a poor stump now, lost in the bracken; that bridge, certainly renewed; that path, that stream, that very shifting sky itself, each colour and tone and form, all are caught up into eternal changelessness, and made types of themselves. We love this picture, so universal and yet so miraculously intimate, because it lets free in us all that flood of true English sentiment which sentimentality has made us ashamed of. We can forget that 'Home, Sweet Home' has made home a thing no decent man can cry over in these days; we can forget our aesthetic theories and our cultured admirations, and nestle happily into the heart of the old sign-painter to whom England revealed herself before Englishmen had defiled her.

Among those who have humbly followed that great landscape tradition of which Crome is the supreme master was the late Mr. Francis Unwin, of whose works a memorial exhibition is now being held at the St. George's Gallery, 32a George Street, Hanover Square. I do not mean by this that he worked in the manner of Crome or of any other eighteenth or nineteenth century painter. He absorbed such modern and foreign influences as he required, but his work remained essentially English, a loving expression of intimate, material things. His craftsmanship was admirable and his outlook simple and sincere.

Mr. Claude Muncaster, who holds his first London exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, 148 New Bond Street, is a young Sussex painter from whom a very great deal may be expected. His technique is already astounding, and his work has "atmosphere." He is truly in the great tradition, born and bred where he paints, and not one of those importations which has made Sussex the home of publicans and poets. Strong individuality is still lacking in his work, but if that matures it is impossible to overestimate his chances of development into a great English landscapist.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

LAND TENURE IN DENMARK

SIR,—Mr. W. McG. Eagar writes in your issue of January 23 that the Danes allowed their system of land tenure to develop into something different from peasant proprietorship and in justification refers to the recent Acts establishing new small-holdings. In this reflection he repeats a most misleading blunder in 'The Land and the Nation' Report, where (p. 367) "a close resemblance" is said to exist between the system of land tenure "evolved in Denmark" and the proposed system of "cultivating tenure." Incidentally Mr. Lloyd George gave publicity to the same error in his speech at Cardiff on January 23.

The latest statistical information about the nature and distribution of agricultural holdings in Denmark is that given for the year 1919 in the Danish Statistical Year Book for 1925 (p. 47) and in the Danish Foreign Office publication 'Denmark 1925' (p. 59). There it appears that there were 205,929 holdings of one and a third acres and upwards covering a total area of 8,185,580 acres. Of that area only about 7½ per cent. was leased or tenanted. For the rest, all that land was and is still in the hands of freeholders and is held in absolute ownership.

There has been no evolution, so far as that land is concerned, to anything in the nature of the "cultivating tenure" proposed by the Land Inquiry Committee. On the contrary, the vast majority of Danish farms are now, as in 1919, occupied by peasant proprietors. What appears to have confused the Land Inquiry Committee is the special legislation of 1919 which affected only the then existing glebe land and the part of the then remaining feudal and entailed estates that had to be surrendered for small-holdings. Such land became State property under constitutional arrangements dating as far back as 1850, although no action was taken until the 1911 Agricultural Commission had reported and the 1919 Acts had been passed in accordance with its findings. The total area made available in this way for small-holdings is limited to about 83,980 acres (Arnskov, 'Small Holdings in Denmark') and at the end of the year 1924 about 46,030 acres had been allotted to 2,251 new holders and for 1,258 extensions of existing holdings.

It is absurd to claim that the Danish system with its freehold rights, its absolute private property in improvements, its public property in land value and its periodic valuation is at all akin to the "cultivating tenure" of the Land Inquiry Committee with its County inspectors, its rents fixed for a lifetime or more and its perpetual annuities to landlords—to say nothing of the absence of publicly owned land. And it is a pure misrepresentation of the facts to argue from the experiments of the Danish 1919 Acts (strictly limited as they are to a mere fraction of Danish soil) that Danish land tenure "has evolved from absolute ownership" to something entirely different. Apart from these new small-holdings set up under quite fortuitous and unique circumstances, there remain to-day the 8,185,580 acres of land distributed in 205,929 holdings of which all but 7½ per cent. are occupied and owned by independent peasant proprietors.

The blunder of the Land Inquiry Committee on this count resembles the blunder that a Danish Inquiry Committee might have made if in 1908 it had examined

ined the Liberal Small-holdings Act and had been so foolish as to give the Danish people the information that "the English system of landholding had evolved into the tenancy of farms under the County Councils."

I am, etc.,

A. W. MADSEN

The United Committee for the Taxation of
Land Values,
11 Tothill Street, S.W.1

THE PROBLEM OF MIGRATION

SIR,—In urging, in his speech on Australia Day, that our public schools should not only teach more about the Empire, but take a bigger part in its development and settlement, the Prince of Wales called attention to a very important aspect of the problem of migration. He did more. He put his finger on one of the weaknesses in our present arrangements. At one time "emigration" was the last resort of the ne'er-do-well. At present it is largely recommended as giving hope to the poorer of our fellow-citizens. As H.R.H. has suggested, we have to lift the work to a higher level, and encourage people with capital to take up settlement on the land overseas as a definite career.

Every year our public schools turn out hundreds of boys who would make ideal settlers, and if the Prince of Wales's speech serves to turn their attention, and the attention of their parents, to the Empire it will have valuable results. It comes appropriately, too, in point of time, for within the past few weeks there has been established at Lynford Hall in Norfolk a training college, catering specifically for public school boys who desire to seek fortune on the land overseas. The Lynford Hall scheme applies, at the moment, only to Australia, but it is a sign of the times that a college—the Australia Farms Training College—should have been established in this country to train young men of education, with capital to see them through the early stages of their careers, for farm life overseas.

As one who has just returned from Australia, may I emphasize the brightness of the prospects which await settlers in the Commonwealth? To the man who is prepared to work success is almost certain. The climate is magnificent, and there are millions of acres waiting to be taken up. Assured of a preliminary training at Lynford Hall, the public schoolboy has everything to gain from deciding on a life in the open in Australia in preference to a life in the crowded conditions he inevitably has to face at home.

I am, etc.,

HARRY BRITTAINE

House of Commons

IMPERIAL ITALY

SIR,—A slight error crept into my letter on Italy and Imperialism. Signor Salvemini is an ex-Professor of Florence University, not of Bologna as printed.

As to your editorial comment on my letter, it is invalid in the assertion that Mussolini by his action at Corfu "endangered the peace of Europe." Mussolini endangered no such thing; he only endangered the lives of the unfortunate inhabitants of Corfu. Mussolini knew, and knows, that the League of Nations has no intention at any time of calling to account any of the five Great Powers—signatories of the Versailles Treaty—which Mr. Robert Lansing always spoke of as having been constituted into a "Primacy" through the unfortunate policy of his Chief, the late President Wilson. One need only look at Syria, where the causes of the native insurrections and the conduct and military operations of the French Administration imperatively demand a League of Nations inquiry under the Mandate system—an inquiry that is not likely to be held.

In thus "calling the bluff" of the League of Nations—that product of the "disease of Wilsonism" which again was the outcome of Russian Bolshevism—Mussolini deserves the thanks of all men who refuse to be

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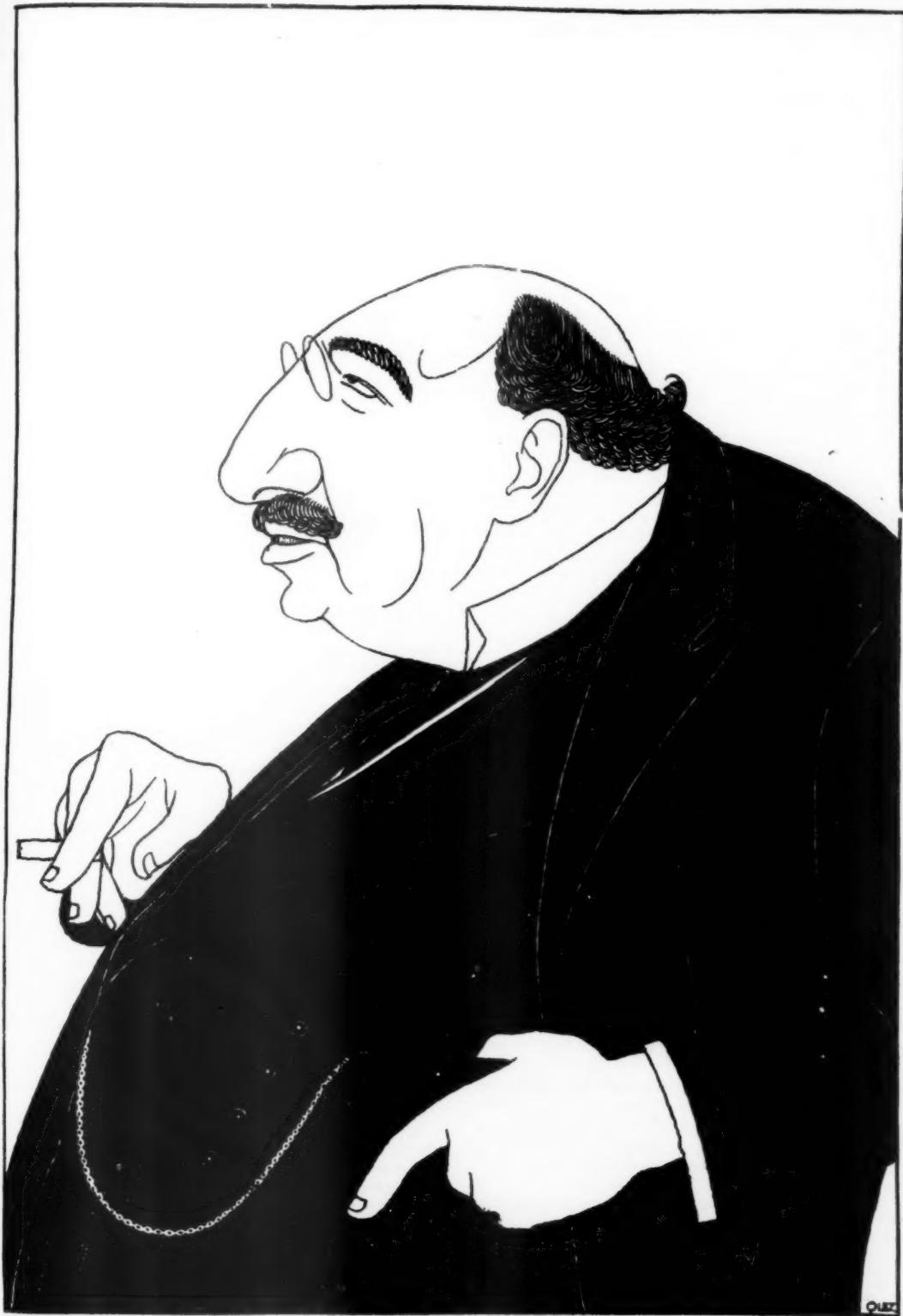
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The Saturday Review, February 6, 1926.



Dramatic Personae. No. 189.

By 'Quiz.'

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ALFRED MOND, BT., M.P.

blinkered by the demagogic about " Democracy " that flows in a flood in so many quarters.

I am, etc.,
J. C. MACGREGOR

COAL FIRES

SIR,—The article entitled 'What is the Coal Problem?' in your issue of January 23, seems to contain an attack on that glorious British institution, the coal fire. "In the high court of efficiency and common-sense," we are told, "before a tribunal of chemists and technologists not one of us would escape condemnation," because, forsooth, we burn coal in our grates. May a plain man, who is neither a chemist nor a technologist, nor yet an economist, venture to protest against the assumption that these gentry are the supreme arbiters of common-sense? Your contributor's argument is marked by the cold-heartedness of the statistician; but because he has a cold heart, must we all have cold feet and hot heads, as the result of using gas-fires or electric radiators? As one who has "swotted" many weary hours with only the warmth provided by these miserable substitutes for the coal fire, I can speak feelingly of the relief and comfort experienced during the hour before bed, in another room, around the friendly blaze. And who can measure the delights of winter afternoons spent in front of the glowing coals, buried in a book, or talking those lazy nothings one affects at such times, and contemplate with equanimity the prohibition of such joys? Let factories, railways, kitchens if you will, be electrified, but do not let the householder be condemned to the cheerless "fogginess" of central heating.

I am, etc.,
HERBERT B. GRIMSDITCH
19 Greencroft Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.6

VALUE OF SMALL POLITICAL MEETINGS

SIR,—May one fully endorse the views of Mr. Bennett as to value attached to small meetings? In Limehouse I have often attended such gatherings, but noted that most speakers were inclined to represent propaganda societies, connected with Socialistic tendencies. I was told that speakers with other views did not care to come unless assured of a large audience. Let us remember that if you have thinkers in a small group you might accomplish far greater work than mass meetings.

In regard to absence of support in poorer constituencies, one could say much; but I refrain, save remarking that the purse with no other qualifications should not be an accepted principle in industrial areas. It is well to consider the type of your opponent before putting up candidates.

Agents in the East End should not be young recruits, as constituencies in those parts differ somewhat from the more well-to-do. One fears that the Central Office has not yet awakened to developing the young man otherwise suitable but with no fat cheque.

I am, etc.,
" GALLOVIDIAN "

ANTI-SOCIALIST

SIR,—It must be quite obvious that no Government can be built up out of any number of antis. Unless our principles are clearly defined, then, however particular we might be in our ideas, they are sure to crumble. As for instance Sir A. Mond preaching individualism and at the same time not realizing that freeholding, in any form of tenure, is Socialistic to the core. In consequence he can only express a wish for some stabilizing force that is going to re-orientalize the aspirations of Europe; in face of this contradiction he is quite unable to point the way.

I am, etc.,
J. W. GREENWOOD

NURSERY PSYCHOLOGY

SIR,—The forthcoming lectures on 'Everyday Psychology in the Nursery,' which will be held at Carnegie House, 117 Piccadilly, may be of interest to your readers. These lectures were originated to fill the need felt by many mothers of acquiring a more intimate knowledge of child psychology than can be gained merely by the reading of books, and have proved an unqualified success. Time is given at the end of each lecture for questions to be asked.

This series starts on February 17 and will be continued for six weeks, on Wednesdays at 3.15 to 4.15, excepting the last lecture which will be at 6 o'clock in order that fathers as well as mothers may attend. This lecture will be on the subject of 'Problems in Family Adjustment' and the lecturer is Dr. J. R. Rees. Other lectures will be on the 'Supersensitive Child,' 'Problems of the Schoolgirl,' 'Health and Character,' 'Sunlight and the Psychology of the Child' and 'Children's Books: their Influence on the Psychology of the Child.' The lecturers will include Dr. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser, Dr. Kenneth Dickson, and Dr. Humphries.

I shall be pleased to send full particulars to any of your readers who apply to me.

I am, etc.,
EVA ERLEIGH

65 Rutland Gate, S.W.7

SKI-ING

SIR,—Recently an illustrated weekly published a few small strips of the film photographs of a well-known Alpine ski-runner descending snow slopes at full speed. For some years I have been trying to urge that such films of noted ski-runners and figure-skaters in action should be prepared for the instruction of novices. Before it is too late, for even experts grow older, films should be taken of Rittberger, Kachler, Salchow and other prominent skaters in their specialities: e.g., a slow-motion picture showing exactly how Salchow skates his famous "rocking-turn" without change of edge would be most instructive. Also a film showing how an averagely good Norsk ski-er can frequently climb a steep snow-slope straight up without sealskins (fitted to the underside of the ski) would probably be a revelation to many of what a friend of mine calls "the Mürren crowd." The film-strips mentioned above are, however, of little use to the novice except in showing that in the "turns" one ski is "edged." One of the strip-photos shows the ski-er completing a right-angle Telemark at full speed in a cloud of snow spray; in actual running this is seldom used. The advantage of learning the Telemark by the method suggested in my recent article is that it teaches the use of what I call the "semi-Telemark" which is so useful for rapid change of direction at all speeds and is completely independent of the sticks.

One or two friends have asked me what length of ski-stick should be used. No hard and fast rule can be laid down; it is all a matter of suitability. Bergendahl, the famous Norsk runner, used for his height comparatively short ones; on the other hand Gröttumsbraaten—who is my favourite as a "stylist" and over shorter distances is the equal of Trorlief Haug, the present world champion—uses comparatively long ones. At the *Nordiska Spelen* of 1913 the winner of the 90 kilometre race, Haldo Hanson, a noted Swedish runner, used sticks almost as tall as himself; except those used by the Finns (in proportion) I have seen nothing bigger. Finnish ski-racers have, however, a special type of style; the Swedes call it *typiskt finskt löspsätt*. The Finns keep their feet and ski close together and almost still, and urge themselves forward solely by repeated pressure on the sticks; many first-class Finns are, however, now abandoning this method.

I am, etc.,
"TOURNEBROCHE"

PEDLAR'S PACK

ON Tuesday afternoon, in the House of Lords, the King appealed for peace and goodwill in industry. The same evening His Majesty's Secretary of State for Home Affairs publicly declared that the miners were living on charity. Something must be done to check this tragic comedian. If he wants a revolution—and he is always talking about one—he is going the right way to get it. The Prime Minister bends his energies to conciliation while his lieutenant hands out ammunition to the miners for the class war. Such blazing unintelligence in a Front Bench representative is surely not necessary in a Government with such an embarrassment of riches waiting to be utilized. Mr. Baldwin should drop this disastrous pilot before he has wrecked the ship.

* * *

To celebrate the centenary of every eminent writer who was a SATURDAY REVIEWER in the first decade of this paper's existence would be an exercise of piety hardly distinguishable from the celebration of the centenaries of the whole body of famous authors born in the eighteen-twenties and eighteen-thirties. But Walter Bagehot is not to be passed over. He had in so many respects the SATURDAY mind. He saw so clearly what so many SATURDAY REVIEWERS have seen—"the absurdities of many persons, the pomposities of many creeds, the splendid zeal with which missionaries rush on to teach what they do not know." He combined so well what all Editors of this paper have wished to find in their regular contributors, literary interests with the knowledge and cool judgment of the man of the world. His attachment to this paper did not endure very long, and he could say an amusing thing at the expense of some of his colleagues, but in many ways he was of us to the end. His epitaph, like that of many of his associates and successors, might be that he made it difficult for ignorance to be arrogant and for cant to survive.

* * *

The way of the legal reformer in the Irish Free State seems to have become easy. He has only to win a case on appeal from Dublin to London to get the law altered in such a way as will bring it into accord with the Dublin decision. At this moment there is legislation with such an object before the Dail, and it is understood that the precedent set by it will be followed whenever the central judicial authority in the British Empire reverses a decision given by the highest court in Southern Ireland. All that is now required is careful choice of cases for appeal. The initiative must not be left to the individual litigant, who may be looking for justice. It must be seized by truly patriotic legal reformers, who will be able to extract from the pique of the Dail what they might not be able to secure by abstract arguments about the desirability of differentiating Irish legal administration from British. It is a queer sort of independence that moves only in opposition to an external authority, but there it is.

* * *

The recent discussion on the possibility of women boxing recalls a remarkable contest that took place at Hockley-in-the-Hole in June, 1722, "when two of

the feminine gender appeared for the first time in the theatre of war, and maintained the battle with great valour for a long time, to the no small satisfaction of the spectators." The challenge and acceptance of these ladies are worthy of repetition.

CHALLENGE

I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me upon the stage and box me for three guineas; each woman holding half-a-crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle.

ACCEPTANCE

I, Hannah Hyfield, of Newgate Market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, God willing, to give her more blows than words—desiring home blows, and from her no favours. She may expect a good thumping.

Elizabeth Wilkinson subsequently fought Martha Jones, of Billingsgate, fish woman, and Ann Field, of Stoke Newington, ass driver. Other recorded fights were between "two heroic females," Mary Ann Fielding, of Whitechapel, and "a noted Jewess of Wentworth Street"; and between Molly Flower and Nanny Gent, "for a pint of gin and a new shawl."

It may be remembered that on Lord Byron's screen is a comic print of female pugilism. It is reproduced in Mr. Bohm Lynch's beautifully produced volume recently published by *Country Life*, called 'The Prize Ring.'

* * *

Not long ago I read a discourse by a worthy divine, the burden of which was contained in the sentence: "There is no need to hide the decanter." That is one kind of nonsense. An opposite kind is contained in the pronouncement attributed this week to the Bishop of Peterborough, who is reported to have remarked that "recently in a hotel lounge he saw two young girls and young fellows have two cocktails each before going into dinner." This is really shocking. But if this is the worst that is to be said of the much-abused modern youth, then Dean Inge and others must be hyperbolists. If only Bishops would address themselves to genuine evils instead of bothering their heads (and incidentally showing their ignorance of life) over moderation of this kind, they would more easily win the support of ordinary, cocktail-drinking people.

* * *

The taste for revue, born during the war and fostered during the peace, appears to be ailing, and musical comedy has recovered the balance of power. There were three new pieces of this type produced in London during the last ten days. Mr. Charlot has taken his revue team to America; Mr. Hulbert also. We have no Maisie Gay now. It is a pity. Musical comedy gives us Mr. Lupino Lane in 'Turned Up,' at the New Oxford and Mr. Leslie Henson in 'Kid Boots,' at the Winter Garden. Both these men are athletic comedians and specialists in humorous contortion. Revue, at its best, gives the mind something to play with. It can be sharp and satiric as well as sweet and songful. But neither 'Turned Up' nor 'Kid Boots' is anything but a highly caparisoned "rag." They are good enough of their uproarious kind, but amid the tumult and the shouting even a moderately intelligent person may lament the absence of the "skit" and the prodigies of social follies which gave a point to the decorative largesse of revue. A musical comedy alters a little, of course, and relies now on the mass-attack of a well-drilled dancing chorus. But this manoeuvre is already growing stale. Revue must return.

TALLYMAN

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.

THE third volume of the 'Supplement to the Letters of Horace Walpole' (Clarendon Press, 12s. 6d. net) gives his devotees a mass of correspondence covering the period of 1744-1797. All but eight of these letters are new. The editing appears to have all those merits expected from the work of Dr. Paget Toynbee.

Additions are being made at a great rate to the miniature volumes of the 'To-day and To-morrow' series (Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net each) in which some of the largest and most complicated questions of our time are handled briefly and briskly by noted authorities. But there is no decline in the quality of this remarkable series. 'Cassandra,' the latest volume, is an independent examination of the more depressing problems of the British Empire by Dr. F. C. S. Schiller. We shall hope to give it fuller notice hereafter, but meanwhile commend it to the complacent of all parties, merely adding that almost the only hope described by Dr. Schiller is in British co-operation with the United States.

'The New Anecdotes of Painters and Painting' (Bodley Head, 6s. net) is something better than a collection of stories and sayings arranged on a mechanical system. Its editor, Mr. Herbert Furst, has woven his anecdotes into a series of arguments on the principles of art. He ranges widely, for here we have Degas and Frith, Gainsborough and Gauguin, Reynolds and Renoir, Titian and Sargent, Turner and Sickert.

Another book on art which deserves mention is 'Berthe Morisot' (Bodley Head, 5s. net), by Mr. Armand Fourreau, translated by Mr. Hubert Wellington. It seems to be rather too eulogistic, though we will not go to the length of retorting on the author that Berthe Morisot simply painted as it became Manet's sister-in-law to paint. The reproductions, as was perhaps inevitable considering the characteristics of the originals, vary a good deal in merit.

Four volumes of plays continue the pleasant series in which Messrs. Benn give us so much of the best of contemporary drama. Three are by Mr. H. M. Harwood: 'Please Help Emily,' 'The Supplanters,' 'The Grain of Mustard Seed.' The fourth volume contains, with other pieces, 'The Mulligatawny Medallion,' by Mr. Barrington Oates.

It is an abrupt transition to 'Personality' (Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d. net), by Dr. R. G. Gordon. In this volume he studies the problems of personality chiefly from the point of view of a practising physician, but the book appears to be well suited to the requirements of the ordinary intelligent reader instead of appealing exclusively to strictly scientific students.

Messrs. Dent have begun the issue in forty-eight volumes of a new edition of Dumas. These are not particularly attractive to the eye, but at 4s. 6d. net a volume they are perhaps as good as can be expected. It would be interesting to learn what market there is for those of the romances, 'Monte Christo' excepted, which fall outside the Musketeer series, interesting also to learn how far the really large quantity of excellent matter produced by Dumas, apart from his work in fiction, has readers in England. Messrs. Dent are quite right in offering the master in bulk. It is so that he should be read, for all the poor stuff that he poured out. Copiousness is part of his genius.

Finally, an exotic, 'The Prophet' (Heinemann, 5s. net), by Kahlil Gibran, an Oriental whom Rodin precipitately promoted to the rank of Blake, but who merits examination.

REVIEWS

HISTORY AND THE READER

BY EDWARD SHANKS

The Art of History. By J. B. Black. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

"HAD Gibbon been born a century later," says Professor Black, "and confronted with the vast stores of information which scholars have piled up since his day, it is safe to assume that the 'Decline and Fall' would never have been written." This may be true, but if it is true it is a thing to be sorry for, since it means that we cannot hope to see another such work. And Professor Black gives so attractive an account of the historiography of the eighteenth century as to make one weep for the historiography of our own time.

It was the age when the writing of history first became a modern thing. In other departments authority had long been challenged, but the historian still accepted it unquestionably. Bossuet's 'Histoire Universelle' made use of the Biblical chronology and regarded Jehovah's intentions towards the Jews as the key to all events in the ancient world. Historians of Rome still placidly accepted Livy's fables at their face value. Voltaire changed all this. He declared that "il faut écrire l'histoire en philosophie," but he did far more than that. Though his main intention prevented him from being what we should nowadays call a scientific historian, yet he first applied the methods of science to history, by applying the methods of commonsense to the examination of evidence. He made short work both of the Jews and of Livy, and in so doing he made the way plain for Ranke's declaration of purpose. "Er will bloss sagen wie es eigentlich gewesen." (It is curious and interesting, by the way, that Professor Black should describe this as "more famous" than Voltaire's saying. Among professional historians, perhaps, but certainly not among general readers—an odd little indication of how history is being withdrawn from literature and from general culture.) It is true that the consequences flowing from Ranke's principle have been immense. New civilizations and undreamt-of empires have swum into our ken: we have pushed back the horizon by thousands of years. It might be said indeed that our discoveries in time during the last century equal in range and unexpectedness those of Columbus in space. What would Voltaire have had to say of the Palace of Knossos, more convenient and civilized than any house he ever lived in?

But the question recurs whether we are not paying too high a price, or at any rate a higher price than is necessary for all this advancement. Humanity needs to have as much knowledge of its past as it can get. It needs this for purely practical reasons, that it may apply the lessons of the past to the problems of to-day. It needs it, because the study of history is a fine exercise for the mind. It needs it, because the contemplation of history uplifts and enriches the spirit. And, to a much greater extent than a hundred years ago, to an extent which is deplorable, it is denied what it needs. One is accustomed to say (I have just said it) that the sum of "our" historical knowledge has been vastly increased during the last century. But of whose? Has the ordinary reader of general culture really a larger sum of historical knowledge? One might almost say that he has less. He knows vaguely that our information about the ancient empires of the East has been much extended, but he has not assimilated the increase, because it is presented in unassimilable form. He knows vaguely that Gibbon put a wrong and very misleading interpretation on the story of the Byzantine Empire, but he does not read the volumes in which Professor Bury has corrected that interpretation, because they do not make even moderately palatable reading. The sole effect of his knowledge is to

prevent him from reading Gibbon and by so much he is more ignorant than Gibbon's contemporaries.

Now no one will doubt the value of amassing large stores of historical material, even if they are the property only of a few professional scholars. No one will contradict, though one might wish to qualify, Professor Bury's claim (quoted by Professor Black) that "like the physical sciences and all other branches of knowledge, history requires for its scientific development complete freedom and independence; its values are annulled and its powers are paralysed if it consents to be ancillary to politics, ethics, or theology; in order to fulfil its function it must (like all sciences) be treated as if it were an end in itself." This applies to the scientific investigator of the facts of the past; and we may add that he must not be hampered by the necessity of producing something the general public can assimilate, any more than Professor Einstein is. He must, if it be necessary, and the development of modern research seems to have made it inevitable, be allowed to bury himself in a mass of facts which he does not attempt to arrange in a comprehensible pattern. What is to be deplored is that the rise of this new sort of scientist seems to have extinguished what used to be called the historian. Gibbon, after all, did no more in his own day than put into shape the facts that others had collected. As Professor Black points out:

A "palaeographical" Gibbon is virtually inconceivable. He was what he was by dint of the fact that he did not consume his time in the labour to which Mabillon, Tillemont, and the antiquarian school which preceded him dedicated their lives. Instinctively he felt that his special genius lay in appreciating and working up into literary form what the researchers in the mine brought to the surface, not in spelling out laboriously the sense of ancient manuscripts. The *inédit*, in short, had no attractions for him. Consequently, when he claimed that it was his habit "to examine all the original materials that would illustrate the subject," he referred only to those accessible in print. This fortunate limitation, then, was the condition of his life-work.

There slips in here a very important distinction between the historian and the antiquarian, which ought to be observed. It would be better if there were some such distinction in general use now, for research into facts and the writing of history are not the same thing and need not both be carried out by the same hand. Unfortunately, the present position is much as if the intensive study of literature by professors in the Universities had extinguished the composition of serious poems, plays, novels and essays.

Perhaps Professor Black's pleasant and gracefully written little volume may be the herald of a change. He has shown us history written by philosophers with philosophical intentions, and it makes a very attractive spectacle. "There is," he says, "a need for the re-integration of history and philosophy, and the reintegration ought, this time, to come from the historian's side rather than the philosopher's." That, I fancy, rather describes Gibbon than his three companions in this book, and I am not so sure that a modern Gibbon, compensated for the multiplicity of his material by its much greater accessibility, might not after all attempt a new 'Decline and Fall.'

THE PROBLEMS OF THUCYDIDES

Thucydides: A Study in Historical Reality. By G. F. Abbott. Routledge. 7s. 6d. net.

THUCYDIDES the sceptic seems particularly modern to-day; and, while he took great pains to investigate, no writer held the balance between conflicting parties with more dignity and reserve. Clio since his day has become a special pleader, and sometimes a slut, hoping to vex somebody. Thucydides reports that he was exiled for twenty years after failure as a general. We do not know to this day whether he could be fairly declared at fault. The tedious art of self-exculpation, practised in profitable

print at great length by our latter-day generals and politicians, was no concern of his. His one burst of emotion was over the fortunes of the Athenians in the Sicilian expedition, the whole account of which is unsurpassed history. He was, however, human, and an aristocrat in feeling, so that his treatment of Cleon's successful venture in war is understandable, if unfair.

It is well to remember to-day the meaning of "history," which is "inquiry," not certainty, and to look seriously at Johnson's remarks on the subject quoted by Mr. Abbott. They do not indicate that Johnson despised history. He saw its speculative side, since reasons and motives often are, and remain, obscure. On the questions which the reserve of Thucydides suggests to the curious modern—his bias, his methods in constructing his history, his possible ignorance of important factors in the war, and the credibility of much later authorities—Mr. Abbott writes with engaging clarity and humour. We do not always agree, but we are always attracted. The style of Thucydides, so difficult that no student should be asked or expected to reproduce it, has always been a puzzle. Great men (or little for that matter) give the world the task of understanding them, but should not make it more difficult than it need be. Thucydides seems to have written in order that Greek grammarians might make a living. Now Mr. Abbott suggests that he was struggling with an alien idiom, having been brought up in Thrace, where in later years he held the right to work gold mines. He would thus be like Marcus Aurelius with his crabbed Greek. There is also something, as Mr. Abbott agrees, in the habit of trying to get too much into one sentence. Brevity, as Horace and Cicero said long since, and as Shakespeare's readers know well, tends to obscurity. Macaulay put Thucydides at the head of all historians, but he had the sense to see that clear writing would appeal to A.D. 2000.

THE PROBLEM OF CHINA

Why China Sees Red. By Putnam Weale. Macmillan. 12s. net.

THE writer who chooses to call himself Putnam Weale has added another volume to his now numerous list of studies of Far Eastern questions. It may be said at the outset that this is a brilliant book, and in view of the author's just complaint that the condition of China has not in recent years gained adequate consideration in England it is one which should be widely read. There are sections in it which are disputable: indeed, it would be strange with such a chaotic problem if this were not so; but as a picture of China during the last few years, set in historical retrospect and with some elucidation of the underlying causes of action, it is at once timely and authoritative. It used to be a complaint against Putnam Weale that although he was well-informed his style was fractious. That objection cannot justly be lodged against the present volume: the author commands a nimble method of writing which helps him to marshal his crowded facts into an entertaining narrative, with some picturesque moments, such as his description of the incidents which led to the firing in Shanghai on May 30.

The resultant picture is a pathetic one; rival *tuchuns* in control of Northern China, a government in Peking so powerless that all its discussions with the Powers are reduced to ineptitude; vast student bodies angry and organized, distracting with their inflamed protests the already impossible tasks of Government; the South with Canton at its centre completely disorganized; and Bolshevik agents disseminating anti-foreign propaganda throughout the country for their own national ends. Meanwhile, the Powers who have large interests in China, and Putnam Weale reminds us that our own interests are the greatest, seem paralysed into inaction. Before the war the diplomatic body at Peking

could be counted upon to act as a unit and to speak with authority. To-day Germany, deprived of her extra-territorial rights by a rash action of the Allies at Versailles, is lost from those councils, while over the Russian Embassy—with its Ambassador as the *doyen* of the diplomatic corps—flies the red flag adorned with the sickle and hammer, and emblem of much of the discord which has been distilled into China during the last four years.

Putnam Weale is rightly concerned with what should be Great Britain's policy in the present upheaval; but the problem is a difficult one, and here if anywhere he is somewhat distracted by personal prejudice. He sees that immediate power lies with the *tuchuns* and that a commanding success of any one of them might bring a condition of peace which, above all things, China requires. From this indisputable premise he advances to the dubious suggestion that an increase of power behind Chang Tso Lin would be a benefit to all who are interested in China's welfare. Putnam Weale has probably had more chances than most Europeans of studying the dice-throwing brigand of Mukden, but proximity should have led to a truer estimate of the value of that leader. Chang's power in Manchuria has been retained only by the unofficial buttressing which Japan has continually supplied. If Chang came South he would find that he had more enemies in China than any other leader. Wu Pei Fu, whom Putnam Weale for some reason entirely underestimates both in political and personal worth, is still a factor, while Feng is creditably supposed to have already made one attempt upon Chang's life. Meanwhile Chang is in the unfortunate position of being a buffer between Russian and Japanese interests in Manchuria, a pawn in a game of international jealousies which is beyond his control. Putnam Weale's wiser but more intangible suggestion is that we should stimulate the Chinese race "by friendly and chivalrous co-operation." Certainly we should combat actively anti-British propaganda in China and declare our aims openly. The student body in China, poisoned though it is at present with anti-British propaganda, is not unopen to reason, and can be made to see that British and Chinese interests are in no way alienated. We have more to lose in China than any other nation, and more that we can legitimately gain. If Putnam Weale's volume draws adequate attention to the problem it will have performed a notable service.

THE ART OF NONSENSE

The Poetry of Nonsense. By Emile Cammaerts. Routledge. 3s. 6d. net.

M. CAMMAERTS, the Belgian poet, has been attracted to the study of nonsense in verse, prose, and graphic illustration. He expands a lecture into a pleasant little treatise that may count as a chapter of philosophy at large. To be felicitously absurd in the ripe years is not given to all, and only to the chosen within the chosen nation. It is a trait of that England which our author knows so well, a department of the English humour which the erudite of the continent explain away or admit as inexplicable. Nonsense can be traced back to nursery rhymes of a kind. Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll discover the rightful realm, and impose a standard for all time. They have their present disciples; but these too often err by ingenuity, and stray beyond the pale, or at best wander on the border-land. Satire and epigram, witticism and parody, sensible nonsense and nonsensical sense, have their uses; but the true appeal is to the imagination and not to the intellect.

It is the child faculty that furnishes the touchstone. Children are playful, exuberant, riotous. They resent and transcend the ordered world of the grown-up. It is theirs to be "world-shatterers," even as the Germans of the Romantic period desired, and failed, to be. They merrily revolt; and the Aventine

to which they secede is either that of fairyland or that of topsy-turvy dream. Among the fairies, law still reigns, though it be the law of magic. Whereas, in the land of Topsy-turvy, all freedom and irresponsibility are allowed. You are tickled by the lightest straw; laugh that you should be so absurd, laugh that others should so absurdly believe you. And thereupon, M. Cammaerts, in despite of his nice discrimination and apt exemplification, is carried beyond himself to magnify his subject, to beat the drum a little too roundly. Grant him that nonsense verse is musical, and he claims it as the most poetic, if not necessarily the highest, type of poetry. Nonsense shall come to be held a worthiest contribution towards the development and happiness of mankind. Why not rather, agreeing with himself, mark in the lore of nonsense a seasonable and passing recovery of the child spirit?

THE THEORY OF REVOLUTION

Pioneers of the French Revolution. By M. Roustan. Benn. 12s. 6d. net.

THERE was, perhaps, scarcely ever a time in which literary men had so much influence upon public affairs as during the half-century preceding the French Revolution. The movement associated with the *philosophes* was many-sided, but at any rate all the writers of that school were opposed in one way or another to the established order. Voltaire, for example, was a violent opponent of the religious beliefs and institutions of his time, although a champion of toleration; his views on political and social problems were perhaps not so clear-cut, but he tended to approve a benevolent despot, like his friend and hero, Frederick the Great, who would rule with the most extreme and enlightened absolutism in the best interests of the people. Jean-Jacques Rousseau was frankly revolutionary in the widest sense; while Montesquieu wanted a free and balanced aristocratic government, with the complete separation of the executive, legislative and judicial powers, such as he advocated in his celebrated 'Esprit des Lois,' which had so much influence on the formation of the Constitution of 1791. In the volume before us, ably translated by Mr. Frederic Whyte, M. Roustan deals with the relations of the *philosophes* with various sections of the community—the King, the Nobles, the Favourites, the Financiers and so on. He admirably fulfils his purpose which, briefly, is to show how "the *philosophes*, having worked for the freeing of men's minds, had driven it into the brains of all their fellow-citizens that they were free men, and that, among their imprescriptible rights, they possessed that of founding a society in which these rights would not be for ever sacrificed." The book is extremely lucid and well-constructed; the reasoning is clear and convincing, and the quotations and illustrations are apt and full. The chapters on the financiers and the people are especially good. The editor and translator's footnotes are very numerous and useful.

Letters to a Friend. By Alexandre Ribot. Hutchinson. 25s. net.

M. RIBOT, as Minister of Finance and Foreign Affairs, from 1914-1917, lived through what was one of the most momentous periods in the history of France. For one whole day, too, he held the premiership. His book, written in the form of letters, is, however, a very dry and uninspired chronicle of dates and fiscal statistics. Not even the removal of the French Government to Bordeaux in the winter of 1914, at which he assisted, or his first meeting with Mr. Lloyd George, seem to have inspired him with much emotion. Nor do lesser episodes succeed in helping him to illuminate his unaccountably dreary history.

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

Lolly Willowes. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.*The Pleasure Lover.* By E. H. W. Meyerstein. Palmer. 7s. 6d. net.*Red Soil.* By L. E. Gielgud. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

LOLLY WILLOWES is the story of a woman who sold her soul to the Devil in the year 1922, being then forty-eight years of age. But those who read Miss Townsend Warner for the sake of a chilly feeling in the spine will be disappointed; she does not set out to make your flesh creep, she is not a purveyor of Black Magic, as it is sensationalized understood. Miss Willowes slides into the service of Satan. A stray kitten scratches her—that is the blood-compact with the Evil One. A slightly indecorous gathering of villagers on a hill by night—that is the Witches' Sabbath. A plague of flies, milk turned sour, the raising of a wasps' nest—these are the most formidable spells that she employs, and they are explainable by natural causes. And when she meets the Devil she is not at all afraid of him; she confides in him and harangues him and almost browbeats him. But it is plain that she likes him.

Her parents excepted, she had never particularly cared for anyone before. Living with her brother and her sister-in-law in London, away from the country, which she loved, she had become a Professional Aunt. Her life consisted in being helpful and in giving and receiving small presents. Opportunities and offers of marriage alike she rejected. Her lot was not hard, but dull. Gradually she sickened of all that the Willowes family stood for, their respectability, their profound placid preoccupation with what she felt to be trivial, their authority over her; and at the same time she was aware of an increasing restlessness within her, expressing itself in strange bouts of extravagance for which she was at a loss to account. She suddenly announced to her shocked incredulous relations that she was going to leave them and live alone in the tiny remote village of Great Mop. Here the habit of loneliness grew on her apace, she spent solitary hours in the woods and fields, in a communion with nature so ecstatic as to be hardly decent; and when her nephew, her favourite Titus, descended upon her and spoiled her fun by his too facile admiration of the landscape, she drove him away by the help of infernal arts. *Sic transit Lady into Witch.*

Miss Warner's curious tale owes something to Mr. Garnett in its conception and to Defoe in its execution. It is beautifully written, in a flexible sensitive unpretentious prose free of preciousness and mannerism; feline in the best sense. (Why this epithet should be misused into expressing depreciation I can never understand.) Its fault seems to lie in a certain vagueness of intention, unrelated to the admirable low tone in which the book is written. Miss Willowes ought to have been either more or less of a witch. She has the temperament, critical, wayward, unsociable, without the credentials. She is not eldritch enough. Her dissatisfaction with the world was of a kind to make her leave people alone, not poke her nose into their affairs. Perhaps our notion of a witch is too full-blooded and particular; but Miss Warner surely dissipates and weakens the idea when she depicts an entire village as being in effect sold into the service of Satan. Anxious not to lay stress on her heroine's eccentricity, Miss Warner tars a whole community with the same brush. And to what did this eccentricity amount? Merely to an assertion of personal independence. We think that the devil business is too violent a figure to nourish the truth Miss Warner means to convey; it overlays it.

But for all that *Lolly Willowes* is a very remarkable first novel, enchanting in its humour and the delicacy of its observation.

'*The Pleasure Lover*' is not less good, though in a very different manner. It is the record of rascality, told in autobiographical form. We have to get over the initial improbability that anyone, even so hardened a sinner as Terence Duke, would wish to perpetuate in all their crudity the facts and feelings of so detestable a career. "I cannot help writing," he says, "just as no fellow-wrongdoer can help giving himself or herself away to some person on some day or another." This avowal is a measure of his cynicism. We encounter him first at the age of ten or thereabouts, already distinguished by an unlovely precocity, living squally with his mother whose "husband was in America." He steals, lies, blackmails, betrays his friends and promiscuously makes love for another ten years when we take leave of him, securely installed in his aunt's house, still with no occupation, but richer for the two hundred pounds he had filched from his benefactress, and the thousand he had extorted from his mother's lover. He is so black that a piece of coal would have left a white mark on him; but we believe in him because Mr. Meyerstein makes his villainy so entirely part and parcel of him. It is the small, unnumbered, thoughtless acts of cruelty and crime that make him convincing, not the more considered and presumptuous sins. He is too mean to be a monster; and his keen eye for the main chance forbids us to think of him as a lunatic. There is always a motive for his malignity. His victims (among whom may be numbered the remainder of the characters in the book) are drawn in varying shades of grey, so that they serve at once as a contrast and a harmony. As a rule it is disagreeable to read about odious characters, because of the pain and humiliation of having to identify oneself with them; but even the tenderest conscience can excuse itself from complicity with the unremitting tale of Terence's infamy and take pleasure in reviewing his misdeeds. The rare occasions when he is worsted, how palatable they are! And what a relief when his lapse from wickedness (he knelt and said a prayer in the street after a particularly outrageous act) proves to be a solitary swallow, foreboding no summer of righteousness! We can hate him with a whole heart. But we think Mr. Meyerstein is being very hard on Pleasure when he gives it Terence for a lover.

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(*New Fiction*—continued.)

The book has the defects of a *tour-de-force*: Terence is, after all, an unnatural little boy, acceptable to the lower but rejected by the higher probability. And the circumstances of his life, diverting as they are, recall a tale that is told. Even among blackguards and crooks a kind of hierarchy is preserved; the mere possession of a criminal disposition would not have recommended him to every scoundrel, rich and poor alike. Moreover, so much implicit emphasis is set on his wickedness that one's cool appreciation of the book is impaired by a surfeit of moral indignation. And the characters hover between polite speech and the language of the gutter. But, when this is said, no recently published novel shows the large acquaintance with life, the power of making detail telling in itself and yet subordinate to the main plan, that Mr. Meyerstein's does.

'Red Soil' does not belie its name. It is as bloody as a butcher's shop. Almost every character has his own or someone else's death to his credit. The heroine, Countess Olga, is saved from a fate worse than death by the hero who breaks his brother's neck to do it, since shooting would make too much noise. By posing as the mistress of Brodesco, the dreaded Bolshevik Commissar, she had all but rescued the officers of the 803rd regiment from the clutches of the mutinous rank and file. But Brodesco arrives and tells her that she must drop the pretence of being his mistress and enjoy the reality. When she hesitates, with true Russian quixotry he makes her an offer of marriage. It is a feather in Mr. Gielgud's cap that he can refresh melodrama with touches of genuine psychological insight. 'Red Soil' is not a story for the squeamish; but there is a great deal in it besides coincidence and sensation. The fickle murderous crowds are particularly well described. It clearly needs a "shocker" to organize the vague but violent incidents of Russian life.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Ethical and Religious Value of the Drama. By Ramsden Balmforth. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

DRAMA was at one time a child of the faith, but it suffered a long separation from its parent. However, a reunion is now being established in two ways. There is a distinct tendency to revive the old mysteries or to create for ourselves simple plays of a religious nature, which are acted, very often, upon consecrated ground. On the other hand the fact that the post-Ibsenite theatre drew so much of its interest from ethical discussions and from its conversion of the stage into a secular pulpit has directed religious thinkers to appreciate the dramatist's part in the formation of conduct and opinion. It is from this point of view that Mr. Balmforth has approached the theatre, and his analysis of great plays, in which cosmic issues are discussed, shows him combining a fair and free outlook along with his own doctrinal position. Perhaps the most interesting of his essays is that which deals with "The Dynasts," a work whose gnarled and rugged philosophy repays the full examination which it has received. Mr. Balmforth is not one of those who meet the grander pessimism with the small change of Sunday-school optimism. He gets below words to the realities of thought, and he never attempts to kill a difficulty with an easy phrase.

Euterpe, or The Future of Art. By Lionel R. McColvin. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d. net.

IN this new volume of the 'To-day and To-morrow' series, Mr. McColvin discusses briefly, but very suggestively, the problem of the future of art in relation

to the public. He is not concerned with the lines along which artistic creation will develop, except in so far as he believes it will be influenced by sociological and other extraneous circumstances. His main concern is rather with the lines along which artistic appreciation will develop. He points out that there are many new considerations in this connexion which arise out of the vast reproductive machinery which we now have at our command: the gramophone, wireless, cheap print, cheap colour processes, and so forth. He argues that these mechanical innovations do already, and will still more in the future, affect the quality and relative quantities of artistic output; and he further shows how these very mechanical innovations bring the commercial question to the fore, as it has never been, in connexion with art. This summary will convey how widely important are Mr. McColvin's conclusions, and how much material for discussion, assimilation and disagreement he has managed to pack into so small a space.

The Health of the Workers. By Sir Thomas Oliver. Faber and Gwyer. 2s. 6d. net.

UNLIKE a great many of the writers of little handbooks, Sir Thomas Oliver is an authority not only on his subject in the abstract but on the practice of it. His inquiries and recommendations have been fruitful of benefits to the workers in his and other countries, and he writes simply and concisely, keeping within the capacity of the lay reader. His main object is to give employers and workers a better idea of the occupational and industrial maladies so far as they are at present known, and in its two-hundred odd pages this book is a little encyclopaedia on the subject. In so little space the treatment of each trouble is necessarily brief, but the selection is well done and the array of statistics invaluable. The chapter on the health of the miner is particularly interesting at the present time: it shows incidentally that the fatal accidents in British coal mines are less than a quarter of those in the U.S.A., and on the whole the lowest in any country given. This is a book to be recommended to anyone who takes an interest in health in industry: and in a country where fabulous sums of money are thrown away every year in sickness and disabilities which might easily be prevented that ought ideally to apply to every citizen. It is only by impressing on people ceaselessly how much these things matter that a senseless annual waste which must be in itself a colossal burden on industry can be efficiently checked.

The Axe Age. By T. D. Kendrick. Methuen. 6s. net.

SOME five years ago the author undertook to compile a survey of the megalithic monuments of these islands. The growth of our knowledge of these monuments has forced him to lay the task aside for the present, but he has been led to examine current theories as to their age and provenance. The title of his book refers to his theory that the stone axe as we know it was a product of the early Bronze Age. The metal was well known long before stone was superseded. Another question raised is as to the transition between the hunter stage—the Old Stone Age—and the Agricultural. Was this a continuous development in the same race, or was there a hiatus of millenia even between them? A chapter on 'The Megalithic Idea' shows that Mr. Kendrick has small sympathy for the legend of the Children of the Sun and its brilliant, if somewhat elusive, advocate. He insists on chronology as an unfailing test, and does not shrink from the duty of providing a provisional date himself, putting between 2500—2000 B.C. the introduction of agriculture and domestic animals into Britain, with the needful accessory arts. The book is a valuable addition to anthropological literature.

THE FEBRUARY MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for February divides its space almost equally between foreign politics and literature. On the former subject we have papers on Turkey and Russia, Mr. Machray on 'The Red Reaction to Locarno,' Spain and its monarch, China and Hungary, with a life-like impression of a Polish city, Vilna. The literary articles are almost as diverse in subject; Mr. Mellersh treats of 'Shaw, Wells and Creative Evolution' and the reactions on religious belief of these writers. Mr. Salt contributes a sketch of 'W. H. Hudson as I saw Him,' which adds to our picture of the writer as well as of the man, and Sir J. A. R. Marriott sums up the literary work of Walter Bagehot in a paper very appropriate to a Review to which Bagehot was a constant contributor. Mr. Gerhardi's story is another of his studies in futility. The number is a very good one.

The *National Review* devotes most of its 'Episodes' to a consideration of our financial policy—internal and external—backed up by an article by Mr. Kitson on 'The Gold Standard Ramp.' The other 'Episodes' deal with Disarmament, Germany and its Colonies, our own Dominions, and Mr. Lloyd George, while Mr. Graham writes on Economy and our chances of seeing it in Parliament. Mr. Macnaghton has a pleasant paper on the various attempts at translating Virgil into English. He forgets, or does not say, that Morris's version was made with the definite object of bringing out the romantic side of the poet. Mr. Roberts writes on 'Art in America a Century Ago,' and revives the memory of many sound painters. Mr. Fielding-Ould has been moved to examine the history of Pierre Cauchon by Mr. Shaw's play, and disposes of some legendary mis-statements, and Mr. A. Philip rehearses some of the arguments in favour of 'A Fixed Easter.' The only difficulty in the way of that desirable reform, now that the Russian Church is in the melting-pot, is Rome, and enthusiasts should emphasize the fact that Rome has never finally tied itself to any method of finding Easter.

Blackwood is, as usual, good both in its fiction and in its more serious papers. Mr. Hannay's subject is the massacre of Amboyna, which is still unexplained; Mr. Mure tells the story of the great Rochefoucauld's grandson, an exile in England; while 'A Scott Centenary' revives the story of how Scott's financial crash occurred. The stories are excellent, and there is a good account of canoeing on the Rhine, revealing the extent to which this sport exists in Germany. 'Musings without Method' deal firmly and not kindly with Lord Beaverbrook, and branches off into praise of other writers of reminiscences, closing with Hickey.

The *London Mercury* opens with a just eulogism of Doughty and his most famous work. It seems to be forgotten that 'Travels in Arabia Deserta' had to contend for popularity, when it was published, with Burton's 'Pilgrimage,' which had established itself as a universal favourite. Mr. Powys Evans gives a good impression of the head of Arnold Dolmetsch, bringing out the Pan side of his character. Perhaps the most interesting paper in the number is the story of a pauper orphan's life. She was born in 1848 and died in 1924. Sir Herbert Stephen contributes his personal memories of Henley and of the *Scots Observer*, and describes the first appearance of Kipling as a contributor. A new essay by Hazlitt on 'Avarice' is welcome. Mr. Squire reviews the poetry of Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson with delicacy and justness, and Mr. Heseltine publishes for the first time two poems which have every mark of Campion. The 'Chronicles' are not of outstanding interest.

The *Adelphi* opens with a welcome return to Mr. Murry's studies in literature—the so-called modern classical revival, with especial reference to the writings of Mrs. Woolf and Mr. T. S. Eliot. Mr. G. H. Wells looks into the reasons for 'The Failure of H. G. Wells'—and gives some of them. The pity is that he rarely takes the trouble to write—his hatred of the classics extends to Horace and his advice to authors. The Journeyman, unfortunately, takes up the unfinished tale of religious experience. Mr. Gilkes's story is good, and Tolstoy's 'The Devil' has only got as far as the Flesh.

Cornhill this month begins the story of how the Percy name passed to the Smithson family, with 'The Lady with the Red Hair'; Prof. G. W. Kirklin writes an amusing 'Carlyle Comedy in One Act'; Miss Walmsley digs up Charles Dickens's criticisms on Art, and Mr. Ludovici finishes his reminiscences of Rodin by telling us 'The Secret of his Art.' A new story, 'Who Rideth Alone,' by Mr. Wren, opens promisingly. A good number.

The *English Review* has for its chief attraction a paper by M. Joseph Caillaux on 'Economics and Finance in France and Europe,' which explains what he wanted France to do, why it is hopeless to expect France to do it, and what would happen if it did. Mr. Sarolea writes on the same subject, more or less. Mr. Machray tells us all about the Wahabis, and another writer about the late rulers of Persia. Mr. Remnant adds a footnote to Mr. Baldwin's address to the Classical Association, and there are some good political papers.

Lawrence

THE PLUMED SERPENT. By D. H. Lawrence. A new long novel of contemporary Mexico. "Beyond a doubt a very remarkable book." MORNING POST. 7s. 6d.

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WHOM GOD HATH SUNDERED. By Oliver Onions. "This trilogy is one of the finest stories of our day." CLEMENCE DANE in *Good Housekeeping*. 704 pages. 7s. 6d.

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THE CHRONICLE OF CLEMENDY. By Arthur Machen. "Richly fashioned, well rounded fantasy . . . A veritable achievement." DAILY TELEGRAPH. 7s. 6d.

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THE ISLAND OF THE GREAT MOTHER. By Gerhart Hauptmann. "A masterpiece of irony, reminding one of *Penguin Island*." STAR. 7s. 6d.

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P.1265

MOTORING

CARE OF THE CAR

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

OWNERS who drive their own cars often raise points of general interest to motorists. For instance, a question that occurs to a mechanically-minded driver of that speedy car, the 14-60 h.p. Lancia "Lambda," on studying the design of Cavaliere Lancia's engine of this model, is that special setting or timing of the magneto is required. This is not so, as the four crank throws are arranged at angles to each other which are complementary to the angles of the cylinders; so that the interval between the power strokes is just the same as in the case of a conventionally arranged and designed engine. In other words, the inclination of the cylinders, relatively to each other, corresponds to the offset of the crank pins, and so allows for that staggering of the cylinders which gives the compactness of the Lancia "Lambda" engine which is such a prominent feature, tending as it does to simplicity and neatness of design. But for the amateur's query the motoring world would not have discovered this point: excellent as the instruction book is, provided with each Lancia car, this information does not appear in it. In fact, the object of this series of brief notes on the care of various motor-cars is to give to a wider public information that may be useful to them, should they or their friends own any of the cars dealt with, on matters not treated in the official handbook of the vehicle.

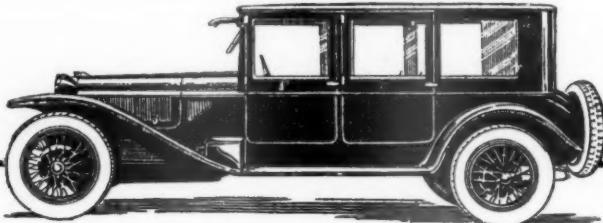
* * *

Naturally, such official documents lay stress on the need for care in the lubrication of the engine, pointing out that Vacuum "Mobiloid" A is the best to use in the summer and "Arctic" in the winter; but it leaves the time of changing the oil to the common

sense of the driver. Experience has shown that this car is fairly economical on oil; therefore it gives unfailing service if the oil is regularly changed after every thousand miles' run. The emptying of the engine sump should be done when the oil is hot and the engine warm after running. It is also essential to remove the filter, take it to pieces and thoroughly clean it with petrol or paraffin, at the same time as the sump is emptied. Further, if at any time the oil-pressure gauge does not indicate, stop the engine immediately and clean the filter, as the oil circulation pump cannot circulate the oil if the filter is blocked up; and the fact that the gauge is not registering tells you what the trouble is instantly. This applies to every car, but it is a point that too much stress cannot be laid upon. An agreeable feature of the Lancia cars is that no car leaves the works until it has been properly run in and tested. Consequently, when you buy a Lancia you have no need for those weeks of careful running at slow speeds required by some makes. You can just drive it as if it was an old car, although you will notice that it improves after two thousand miles' running good. By that time it reaches its highest efficiency, and keeps it with little trouble if ordinary care is given to the machine.

* * *

One ought never to exceed the speeds on the lower gears as shown on the speedometer of some models, or on the small circular disc attached to the instrument facia board on later cars. The Lancia is a high "revving" engine; but every motor has its limit, and the Lancia makers have the wisdom to state theirs boldly. Brake adjustments can be learnt from the instruction book, but when first driving a new car the temptation to demonstrate the efficiency of the brakes to your neighbour should be resisted until the shoes have had an opportunity, by gentle application for a few hundred times, of bedding themselves into the friction surfaces.



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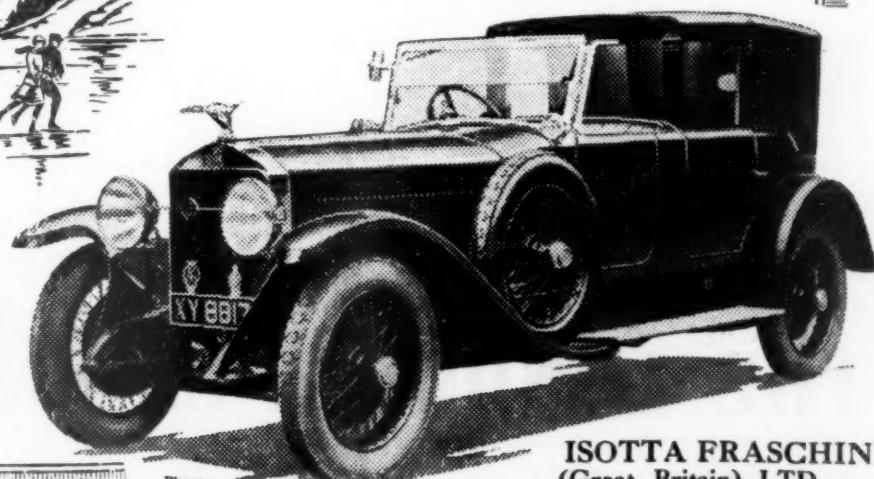
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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE volume of business on the Stock Exchange continues to be very small. The reason for this I dealt with recently, and it remains unchanged. The other House has opened its doors this week and will probably supply the factors for making markets better or worse as the Session progresses. The City has great confidence in Mr. Baldwin and his Cabinet and for this reason the undertone of markets is exceptionally firm. I consider the strength of the gilt-edged market a tribute to the Chancellor, and, despite the criticisms that are levelled at him, I am quite confident that his forthcoming Budget will be as sound a financial measure as last year's.

BANK MEETINGS

As was to be expected, a good deal of attention was paid at the annual Bank meetings to the return to the gold standard. All apparently agreed as to the wisdom of this step and drew attention to the fact that it had been carried through without any of those financial disasters which had been so freely prophesied when the step was taken. Both Sir Felix Schuster of the National Provincial and Mr. Walter Leaf of the Westminster were in agreement that the present system, under which there are two note-issuing authorities, is one that must not go on indefinitely: they apparently believe that for the Treasury to have the power to vary the amount of the note issue creates a financial dictatorship possibly very desirable during a war, but most inappropriate in times of peace.

At the Midland Bank meeting Mr. McKenna dealt in detail with the return to the gold standard and the influence of monetary policy. He expressed the opinion that trade and production will be stimulated here, as they have been in America, by the supply of gold being in excess of the normal demand.

Mr. R. M. Holland-Martin at the meeting of the Bank of Liverpool & Martins analysed the trade condition of the country in great detail. He believes that the world is at last recovering from the effects of the war, that currencies are becoming permanently stabilized and that excessive stocks have been greatly reduced. He thinks that there exists a much surer foundation for good business and the prospect of better trade.

SAN FRANCISCAN MINES OF MEXICO

The report of the San Franciscan Mines of Mexico issued this week justifies the optimism I have expressed in the past as to this Company. Last year, when the report for the year ending September 30, 1924, was issued, the prospects of the mine were criticized on the ground that the ore reserves were not sufficiently far ahead of the mill. At the time I did not agree with this, as I felt very confident that this position was merely temporary. During the twelve months that have elapsed the ore reserves have been increased by 351,255 tons. This increase is attributable to an increase in the rate of development, particularly during the latter months of the Company's financial year. The completion of the new south shaft will permit of larger areas being developed and increased tonnage milled. Another satisfactory feature is the greatly improved metallurgical results. These have been obtained by considerable modification of the sulphide mill and successful research work.

The dividends for 1925 totalled 37½%, against 32½% for 1924 and 15% for 1923. The net profit in 1925 was £308,048, as compared with £285,752 in 1924 and £137,256 in 1923. At the present price of about 13s. 6d. on last year's distribution these shares show a yield of approximately 12%. Despite the rise in price since I first recommended these shares here in November, 1924, at 24s., I feel thoroughly justified in re-recommending them at the present level as a thoroughly sound mining investment.

SUDAN PLANTATIONS

The directors of Sudan Plantations propose, subject to confirmation at the necessary meetings, to capitalize the sum of £750,000, part of the amount standing to the credit of the share premium account, and issue 750,000 shares of £1 each as a bonus to their shareholders. I have great faith in the future of this Company, the £1 shares of which are now standing at about 8s. A purchase of shares at this price will entitle the buyer to participate in this bonus issue. The shares will, in my opinion, appear undervalued at half the present price, which will be the position ex-bonus, as I think reasonably soon after the distribution the shares will stand at at least £5. I see no reason why Sudan Plantations should not be bought up to £1 above the present price. These shares show an excellent chance of substantial capital appreciation this year.

RHODESIANS

The Rhodesian market, after showing promise at the end of last year of supplying the centre of speculative interest, this year has proved very disappointing. I think, however, it is merely a question of patience. The mineral deposits of Northern Rhodesia are developing extraordinarily well. Naturally a very large sum of money will be required, but so many large groups are also interested that this should be forthcoming readily. Among the heavier shares, I still favour Rhodesian Congo Border and Southern Rhodesian Base Metals; among the lower price variety, Bwana M'Kuba and Bechuanaland Exploration.

V.O.C.

That there has been considerable friction among the directors of the V.O.C. Holding Company in the past has been no secret; but affairs have recently come to a head with the result that five of the directors have resigned. Last week they issued to their shareholders a lengthy statement dealing with the situation which has caused them to take this step. It briefly amounts to the fact that they did not consider the control of the Royal Dutch and Shell groups as carried out by the five directors on the Board nominated by this group in the true interest of their shareholders. Much has already been written on this dispute, and undoubtedly at the forthcoming meeting a good deal more will be said. Personally, on the facts as I have heard them, I side with the Royal Dutch Shell group, while sympathizing with the point of view of the independent directors. I do feel, however, that it would be a great mistake for shareholders to be tempted into selling their shares on account of the dispute as I think the Company has a great future. The independent directors are, I believe, asking shareholders to send them their proxies. I do not advise shareholders to do this. The best course for a shareholder to pursue is to attend the meeting in person and form his own opinion.

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ACROSTICS

To allow increased space for Answers to Correspondents, the Rules for Acrostic Competition are on occasion omitted. They will, however, always appear at least once a month.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' (which, in many instances, are reviewed at length in a subsequent issue of the paper) will not, in future, be eligible as prizes for the Acrostic competition.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 205.

(Last of the 14th Quarter.)

OF AIR IN MOTION THESE REVEAL THE NIGHT.

- Without my help that nut you can't screw tight.
- A fish—black-bass—two-fifths—we now must take.
- Victims of mine have perished at the stake.
- The deepest malice human beings know.
- Lit in a warrior's breast ambition's glow.
- High-flying fowl, by Browning sung, reverse.
- Catarrh with fever, or with symptoms worse.
- A palindromic Irish town now seek.
- "It hasn't left off raining for a week!"

Solution of Acrostic No. 203.

J	esui	T ¹	1 Cinchona, or Peruvian bark, was known as Jesuits' bark because it was introduced into Europe by the Jesuits.
A	marant	H ²	2 Immortal amaranth! a flower which once
C	halic	E	In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
T	orpi	D	Began to bloom. Milton.
E	crost	Ic	
S	pitom	E	
T	is	I	
A	ropic	S	
A	rcti	C	
L	ataki	A	
nE	gres	S	
A	dvertisemen	T	

ACROSTIC NO. 203.—The winner is Mr. Albert E. K. Wherry, Qu'Appelle, Bourne, Lincolnshire, who has chosen as his prize 'Camouflage in Nature,' by W. P. Pycraft, published by Hutchinson, and reviewed by us on January 23, under the title 'Protective Coloration.' Thirty-two other competitors chose this book, 25 named 'With Seaplane and Sledge in the Arctic,' 25 'Quince Alley,' etc. Dinkie and others are requested to consult the List of Publishers on our Competition Coupon when choosing books for prizes.

ALSO CORRECT.—Armadale, Baitho, Baldersby, R. H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Brevis, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, C. A. S., Ceyx, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Cygnet, Doric, East Sheen, E. K. P., G. M. Fowler, Gay, Lieut.-Col. Sir Wolseley Haig, Iago, Jorum, Lilian, Martha, G. W. Miller, Lady Mottram, N. O. Sellam, Owl, Quis, R. Ransom, Still Waters, St. Ives, M. Story, Trike, Tyro, Varach, C. J. Warden, Mrs. Whitaker, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Zero, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. H. B., R. Bevan, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Bordyke, W. F. Born, C. H. Burton, Sir Wm. Chevys, Chip, V. H. Coleman, Dinkie, D. L. Dolmar, Mary East, R. Eccles, Farsdon, C. E. Ford, V. Hope, L. H. Hughes, Jay, Jeff, Jop, Lar, J. Lennie, Madge, Margaret, Melville, Met, Oakapple, Kirkton, Parvus, Peter, F. M. Petty, Polamar, Pussy, Rho Kappa, Shorwell, Sisyphus, J. Sutton, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Twyford.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Barberry, Coque, Maud Crowther, Glamis, R. Macpherson, L. M. Maxwell, Stucco. All others more.

OAKAPPLER.—Your solution to No. 201 did not reach us. Glad you admit that Swallow is inferior to Snow!

F. M. PETTY.—For Light 1 you gave Swallow.

ACROSTIC NO. 202.—Correct: M. Story. Two wrong: Chip.

VARACH.—I cannot renounce the privilege of personifying inanimate objects in my Acrostics. "Sad is the heath of Lena, and mournful the oaks of Cromla." See Lord Kames's 'Elements of Criticism,' chap. xx. I always give solvers the benefit of any doubt that may exist in my own mind, but I have none at all in regard to the merits of Swordfish and Snow as compared with Smith and Swallow. Had I written, "If summer comes, I shan't lag far behind," Swallow might have answered the light—considering "our climate."

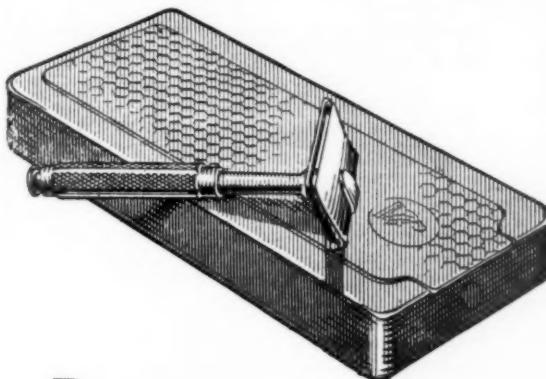
OUR FOURTEENTH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—After the eleventh round the leaders are: Boskerris, Baitho, Carlton, Iago, C. J. Warden, East Sheen, St. Ives, Zyk, John Lennie, Ceyx.

'Saturday Review' Acrostics: 6.2.1926

Allen and Unwin	Harrap	Murray
Bale, Sons & Danielson	Heinemann	Nash & Grayson
Basil Blackwell	Herbert Jenkins	Odhams Press
Burns, Oates & Washbourne	Hodder & Stoughton	Putnam's
Chapman & Hall	Hodge	Routledge
Collins	Hurst and Blackett	Sampson Low
Dent	Hutchinson	Selwyn Blount
Fisher Unwin	Jarrold	S.P.C.K.
Foulis	Macmillan	Stanley Paul
Grant Richards	Melrose	The Bodley Head
Gyllydental	Mills & Boon	Ward, Lock
		Werner Laurie

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Describe the razor you would like to have.

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Company Meeting

Bank of Liverpool & Martins LIMITED

NINETY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING

The NINETY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING of Shareholders of the BANK OF LIVERPOOL & MARTINS LIMITED was held at Liverpool on January 29, Mr. R. M. Holland-Martin, C.B., the Chairman, presiding over a large attendance.

Having referred to the deaths of Mr. Isaac H. Storey, at one time a Deputy-Chairman, and of Captain John E. Rogerson, one of the Directors of the North-Eastern Board, the Chairman said the shareholders would agree the balance sheet reflected the very greatest credit upon the management that in a year which had been so full of difficulties so good a result should have been attained.

The net profit for 1925 amounted to £572,316, an increase of £41,874 over that for 1924, and of £85,351 over that of 1923. The balance brought forward from previous account was £141,862, so that there was a total of £714,178 to be allocated. The Directors proposed to add £150,000 to Reserve, bringing that account up to £1,850,000, to write off £50,000 from Bank Premises Account, and to pay a second half-yearly dividend of 8 per cent., making 16 per cent. for the year, the same as for 1924. This would leave a balance of £138,356 to be carried forward to next account. The position showed that this Bank fully played its part with the other banks in financing the trade of the country.

THE COUNTRY'S NEED.

What this country, and indeed all other countries, needed to-day was industrial peace, so that all classes could repair the ravages of war and together work out the solution of the many problems that must be solved. What then were the prospects for the coming year? Since their last meeting two things, both good, had happened. At home the gold standard had been reverted to, a change which was made smoothly and well, and as a result gold to the extent of some nine millions flowed into the country. The removal of the embargo on gold called for the removal of the embargo on the export of capital, and on November 3 the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced at Sheffield that it would be withdrawn. This removal should help to stimulate trade, but care would have to be taken to see that much of the money lent was spent in this country, otherwise there might be a further flowing out of gold and a consequent rise in the Bank Rate.

That England, after nearly eleven years, should have felt able to go back to the gold standard had signified to the world that London meant to retain its premier position in the international money market. Other countries, heartened by our example, had come back or were returning to gold, and great efforts were being made to stabilize currencies and to settle war debts, though much remained to be done before foreign Exchanges worked once more within reasonable and calculable limits.

The other outstanding event had been the signature of the Locarno Pact, an event due in great measure to the firm yet conciliatory guidance of Sir Austen Chamberlain. By it the peace of Europe should be assured, and the war-stricken nations, their fears of attack allayed, should be able to devote themselves to the task of rehabilitating Europe.

BUILDING ON SURE FOUNDATIONS.

The Pact of Locarno and the return to gold, said the Chairman, were sure foundations to build upon, but were we ready and willing to begin the long and slow process of re-building?

Despite the ravages of war, he said, our population is bigger than ever it was, and its increase had been aided by the tendency shown in the past few years for our old spirit of adventure and readiness to take risks to give way to a wish to take as few risks as possible and to stay at home, despite the fact that unemployment was rife and most trades too fully manned. This was not the spirit in which we founded our Colonies and peopled the empty spaces of the world. And it was to be hoped that many of the young men and women of to-day would take advantage of the facilities for emigration, which were now being put forward by Canada and others of our Dominions, and set forth to found their fortunes in English-speaking lands, thereby increasing the family ties which bind our Empire together and creating additional markets for British goods.

WORKMEN SHOULD BECOME SHAREHOLDERS.

For those who remained in this country it should be the aim of each citizen to do his utmost to promote goodwill between employed and employers. Joint stock enterprise had rendered it possible for those with very small capital to become shareholders in most of the businesses of to-day. The increased deposits in Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks and the huge investments in National Savings Certificates bore witness to the saving which was so largely practised, and it should be the aim of every business to provide means whereby every workman should have a stake in it. In recent years much had been done in this way in the United States, to the evident benefit of industry and the advantage and advancement of the workman and his family.

FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

France, the Chairman continued, was at present the storm centre of the foreign exchange world. Since the war successive Governments had won their way to power by promising the French people that they would exact vast sums from Germany and would be able to get France's late allies to reduce greatly their claim for money lent. Yet each Government in its turn had done little to put France's internal finances in order and had continued to borrow from the Bank of France, thereby only increasing the already huge inflation, with the result that the franc went from 87.10 to 136. France had become thoroughly alarmed, and was making great efforts to avoid ruin, yet it would seem difficult for the French people to put party aside and place in power and trust a Government which would go to the root of the matter and impose and make effective the very heavy taxation which alone could improve the situation.

HOME TRADES REVIEWED.

Reviewing our home trades, the Chairman said agriculture was none too prosperous, foot-and-mouth disease having again invaded the country and taken a heavy toll. Arable farming in many districts was still far from profitable, and more land continued to be put down to grass each year. Great efforts were being made to extend sugar beet culture, and farmers who had grown beet reported well of the returns made. The severe weather experienced early this winter caught many of the northern farmers with their root crops still in the ground, with the result that much became spoiled, and the farmers were driven to pay a heavy price for fodder.

As to shipping, few shipowners would be sad to see the last of 1925, which was generally regarded as the worst year on

6 February 1926

record for shipping. There had been a general fall throughout the world in tonnage under construction, and of the new tonnage which had been built a striking feature was the large proportion that was motor driven, and that in size the average motor ship under construction was larger than the average steamship. Despite gloomy factors, there seemed to be definite signs of slow improvement, and there was a feeling that with the expected increase in trade this year the worst was now over.

With regard to the shipbuilding and ship-repairing trades, depression was general, and it was necessary that every effort should be concentrated on the cost of production and the speed of repair, for it had not been unusual to hear of British owners being compelled, for one or other reason, to send their ships to continental ports.

THE COAL CRISIS.

It was, however, on the coal industry that all attention was centred, for what happened in this industry would affect the future of all industry in this country. The crisis was not in England alone. All continental countries producing coal had grave problems to-day. Belgium, Spain and France did not welcome British coal, and Germany was doing her utmost with lowered production costs, to increase her output, and she not only required less coal but was a strong competitor in what used to be British markets. The foreign market therefore was, and was likely to be, a bad one. The real difficulty of the coal trade, however, was at home.

The Chairman recited the various stages of negotiations between the owners and the miners' representatives, culminating in the Government subsidy. Expensive as this subsidy had been (it being estimated that it would cost at least 21 millions for the fiscal year), there could be little doubt that a general strike would have cost more. In Durham and Northumberland, the two mining areas in which the Bank of Liverpool & Martins was particularly interested, the Government was providing quite one-third of the wages bill, with the result that many collieries, which otherwise would have been shut down, had been kept at work. What was likely to happen in the near future? Unfortunately, having regard to the incompatibility of the two points of view, complicated by the miners' determination that mines should be nationalized, it would seem almost certain that the trouble would recur in an almost similar form when the present subsidy ended on April 30 next.

The iron and steel trade did not, as was anticipated at the end of 1924, show any improvement. On the contrary, trade declined generally, stocks increased, prices fell, and furnaces had to be put out. Latterly a slight improvement had set in, partly no doubt owing to the effect which the coal subsidy had in reducing cost of production, but the uncertainty as to what would happen when the subsidy ended prevented manufacturers looking ahead with confidence.

The cotton trade throughout the year had been a difficult and disappointing one. A noticeable tendency of the year, however, had been the great increase in the use of artificial silk. This was certain to extend, and would help to bring back prosperity to the cotton trade. There was also the cheering feature that some markets, such as Russia, which had been dormant for some years, were now showing signs of activity.

OUTLOOK FOR 1926.

Having referred to the wool, corn, and timber trades, the Chairman dealt with the outlook for this year. It seemed certain, he said, that the world was at last recovering from the effects of the war, currencies as a whole were getting stabilized, and there was a much surer foundation for good business and prospects of better trade. Purchasing power was returning to large populations as they gradually recovered from the effects of war, and larger markets should re-open for British goods. But on the other hand countries were now manufacturing for themselves goods for which they used to be dependent on England.

How were we to make other countries our customers? asked the Chairman, in conclusion. This could only be done to any large extent by reducing the costs of manufacture. Stern economy by the State must be practised. Taxation that now pressed so heavily on our trade must be reduced whenever a possibility occurred, and there must be harder work on the part of both masters and men in order that prices might be reduced and markets gained. It was useless, indeed it would be fatal to our prosperity, if labour and capital could not realize that sacrifices must be made on both sides, otherwise other competitors, and we had many, might take our markets while we stood wrangling whether Labour should take precedence of Capital or Capital of Labour. To any sane man the two were inseparable. Neither could exist without the other, and what was to the real benefit of one could only benefit the other. Let both then agree to work to one end, the efficiency of business. In that way only could Britain regain the business she had lost, and get her fair proportion of the new business that was daily being created.

The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted.

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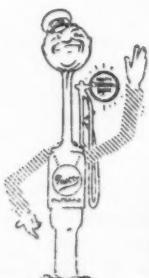
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